

THE  
**SCOURGE.**

---

JUNE, 1815.

---

MRS. WILMOT'S NEW PLAY, INA.

---

THE critic who has been accustomed to weep over the sorrows of *Belvidera*, or to sympathize in the misfortunes and miseries of *Lear*, will feel peculiar gratitude to Mrs. Wilmot, and willingly admit that *INA* is the most delightful of all possible tragedies. The painful images of terror, pity, and anxiety, by which the ancient masters impressed the feelings, and awoke the passions of their auditors, are forbidden to approach the more polished scene of Mrs. Wilmot's dramatic exhibition. Her characters tread the stage, from the first act to the last, with a graceful insipidity that neither moistens a single eye, nor bedews a single handkerchief. Instead of the painful sensations of grief, detestation, or astonishment, we feel in the calm and unobtrusive progress of the representation the most cool and comfortable emotions. So singular is the skill of the fair authoress, and so profound her acquaintance with human nature, that in the tragedy of *Ina*, murder is contemplated with indifference, suicide is greeted by a smile, and the tortures of distracted love, are observed with more indifference than the fall of a china cup, or the death of a lap-dog, and after the curtain falls we resign ourselves to that enviable state of lethargic repose, in which we feel nothing, and remember little.

By what undiscovered and unexampled charm this fair enchantress has been thus enabled to rob, murder of its terrors, and steel the heart against the sympathies of friendship, and the vows of love; to render suicide the object of derision; and the fate of kings, and priests, and empires, perfectly insignificant to the meanest spectator in the gallery, is an object of enquiry more interesting, we hope, than the progress or developement of her plot, and more instructive than the "life and safety" couplets of Mr. Lamb.

In the first place, it appears to be necessary to the perfection of a tragedy, possessing all the properties of *Ina*, that the hero should be as insignificant, simple, and

inspired as it is possible to make him. Mrs. Wilmot has carefully attended to this great principle in the formation of Egbert. She has not condescended to award him the trivial indication of individual character, unless imbecility be intended to distinguish the individual personated by Mr. Kean, and the continual advice and assistance of his friend Alwyn, be necessary to the execution of his most unimportant purposes. Cenulph, his father, tells him—

“Thou—

Wilt revel in light joys I blush to think on.”

and Egbert exclaims, *much affected*, as we are assured by the stage direction, “Oh, Alwyn! Alwyn!”—The king proceeds to inform him that by postponing the nuptials of his betrothed bride, Edelfleda, he shall cut short his father's days, and thus be guilty of parricide; Egbert, with the true simplicity of character in the representation of which Mr. Kean must have felt so much exultation, is at this extremely terrified, and exclaims “Most horrible!” We hear, indeed, that he discomfits the enemies of his father, and that subdued by his prowess, Ethelbed is brought in chains to the capital of Wessex, but upon the scene Prince Egbert is one of the most unmeaning characters that it has ever been our fortune to witness.

Nor is it necessary that the subordinate personages should display a greater share of intellect, or a more decisive and interesting character than their principles. Cenulph, the parent of Egbert, is as fit a father for such son as the wit of woman could have invented.

The wisdom of Cenulph's resolution to resign his throne because it might be wrested from him, is perfectly original, and is probably unexampled in the history of the world.

The construction of the fable is still more exquisitely uninteresting than the delineation of the characters. The Princess Edelfleda is betrothed to Egbert, son of the king of Wessex, and this marriage is intended to form the bond of union between two hostile nations. But the affections of the prince are evidently alienated from the destined bride. The king and the princess are equally indignant at Egbert's coolness; and their views are assisted by the machinations of Baldred, an envious and malignant priest, who conceals beneath the saintly garb the most atrocious qualities. A firm admirer of Ina,

he entertains the most rancorous enmity to Egbert, whose successful rivalry he hates and envies.

It now appears that Egbert and Ina are married, and the unwelcome information is communicated to the king, who, alarmed by the prospect of a new war with Edelfleda's father, the king of Mercia, endeavours to persuade his son to abandon Ina, and espouse the princess. The ardent spirit of Egbert is affected by his entreaties; he promises obedience, and assumes for a moment the language of affection to Edelfleda; but stung with indignation at his own dissembling he throws himself at the feet of Edelfleda, declaring himself already a husband and a father. Edelfleda faints, and the king consigns the hapless Egbert to the custody of his guards. Intelligence now arrives that the king of Mercia has armed his troops, and is advancing to revenge the injuries of his daughter. The soldiers of Cenulph are clamorous for the appointment of Egbert as their leader, and his father is thus compelled to release him from his chains, and entrust the forces to his direction.

The intervening scene is occupied by a conversation between Edelfleda, and her confidante Bertha, in which the former darkly insinuates that the murder of Ina, is her only security for recovering the affections of Egbert. The enraged princess visits the bower of Ina, tortures her sensibility by falsely informing her that he is chained to the floor of a dungeon, and solicits her to renounce the title of Prince Egbert's wife. Ina indignantly retires. Egbert arrives, and a conversation ensues between him and Edelfleda, which is interrupted by the presence of Ina. The princess is agitated by rage and jealousy at their fondness, and retires.

In the commencement of the fourth act messengers arrive with tidings of the success of Egbert, but the aged Cenulph feels only jealousy and apprehension at the triumph of his son. His suspicions are augmented by the insinuations of the malignant Baldred, who advises that Ina should be put to death, unless she consented formally to renounce her nuptial rights. In the presence of the assembled council Ina refuses to comply with the proposed renunciation, and receives orders to prepare for death. She prevails on the captain of the guard to introduce her to the presence of the king, to endeavour to make a forcible appeal to his feelings in favour of her



child. In the mean time Baldred determined to accomplish the destruction of the prince, plants some peasants in a thicket through which Egbert and Alwyn must pass on their return to the palace. This plot fails, the peasants drop their swords at the remonstrance of the French: Baldred aims his dagger at Egbert's bosom; Alwyn wards off the blow and kills the assassin. At this moment the king is seized with "compunctious visitings," and in an interview with Ina pardons the offending supplicant. Egbert returns to the bower of Ina. All is silent. A dagger, his portrait, and her jewels are left upon a pedestal, and he concludes her to be dead: he raises his arm against himself, in frantic violence, but Ina enters and arrests the blow. Their happiness is augmented by the death of Edelfleda, who enters at the reconciliation of Ina to the aged Cenulph; exasperated by her restoration to favour, attempts to stab her, and disappointed in her intention, destroys herself.

The incidental eccentricities of this singular production are innumerable. The ferocious, vindictive, and masculine Edelfleda, addresses the victims of her relentless persecution in the following gentle and conciliating language:

"I pray—you—both,

Think—kindly—sometimes—kindly—speak—of me."

The third scene of the fifth act, excited the just and general indignation of the auditors. Cenulph contemplates in soliloquy, the murder of Ina, and immediately falls prostrate before the throne of mercy, not to confess his iniquities, or to implore the compassion of his Creator, but in all the confidence of self-approbation. The sex of Mrs. Wilmot alone precludes the animadversion, in which we should otherwise have indulged on so gross a violation of decency and morality as is exhibited in the publication of a scene so highly reprobated by the audience.

The general impression upon the reader of *Ina*, is far from favorable. Its authoress is evidently a lady of cultivated habits but feeble intellect. Her most fortunate passages are the result of careful and skilful imitation; the powers of creation and invention are beyond her reach; and she can only share with the most common ornament of her drawing-room, the property of reflection.



# ON THE INJURIOUS EFFECT OF CERTAIN PARLIAMENTARY PRIVILEGES.

---

SIR,

THE abuses of the best things often produce the worst consequences. The abuses of religion and liberty are proofs of this ; and to descend into the walk of familiar and domestic virtues, we always find that liberality, candour, forbearance, and affection, carried to an indiscriminate excess, create greater evils than result from their opposites. A man may indulge liberality to others till he ruins his own family ; his candour may render him so unsuspecting that he becomes the prey of knaves ; his forbearance may be so great that the ends of public justice and social happiness are alike defeated ; and his affection may be so injudicious that the objects of it thrive perhaps only in the abundance of perverse and evil qualities.

But to examine the truth of the maxim with which I set out, in reference to the more important and comprehensive transactions of the state, I think I can easily shew that one of the most invaluable privileges which this nation, or any nation, ever possessed, has often been the instrument of real and lasting mischief to us. I allude to the freedom of discussion in parliament, and the collateral right (for such I will venture to call it now) of publishing those discussions.

I assure you, Sir, I am far from wishing to see either of those privileges abridged, and if no alternative existed but to endure the occasional evils resulting from them, or to impose conditional fetters, I should without hesitation take the former. Freedom of speech in parliament is the best security for the people's rights ; and a knowledge of how that freedom of speech is employed, is a firm and steady check upon its compromise. A member who is returned upon the popular interest knows he cannot keep his seat but so long as he conciliates that interest ; to conciliate that interest, is to defend the rights connected

with it; but how easily might he be tempted to swerve from his duty, how potent might a bribe be, how irresistible a place, or how convincing a promise, if he could rely that the knowledge of the transaction, or the proofs of his apostacy, would not be blazoned forth to every corner of the kingdom.

There is, however, a discretionary exercise of these privileges which I think would conduce more effectually to the mutual benefit of parliament and people than their present unlimited exercise. I do not wish to impute to those who overstep this discretionary exercise any impropriety of motive, because I am reluctant to believe that there can be found, within the walls of parliament, any man so basely constituted, as deliberately to abuse the high functions he there enjoys, in order to prejudice the dearest interests of his country, and to degrade its dignity; but I am sure, if those individuals to whom I allude, will temperately and dispassionately weigh the question in their minds, they cannot but feel the force of my objections.

To be more explicit, Sir, one branch of the evil of which I complain, consists in the practice of prematurely moving for papers and documents connected either with transactions still pending, or which, though partially concluded, have an intimate reference to others which are in progress. Observe, (for I wish to guard myself from the remotest suspicion that I would abridge the undoubted right of parliament to call for information upon all public events,) I condemn the proceeding only as it respects the question of time. What might be perfectly proper to demand six months hence, and perfectly safe to grant, may be just the reverse to-day. In some cases, indeed, I doubt the expediency of ever disclosing certain features of a negociation where the success of it can depend only upon its secrecy; but at all events I am quite sure that in numberless instances papers have been moved for, and from the clamour excited, extorted as it were from the

government, which have deeply injured the political connections of this country with foreign states.

I remember this argument was once employed by Mr. Perceval, when some injudicious motion for papers was before the house; and, as a confirmation of its accuracy Mr. Arbuthnot, who had just then returned from a mission to Constantinople, mentioned a fact, that in some important crisis of continental affairs, in which it was of the highest importance this country should have timely notice of certain premeditated measures, the Austrian minister, who alone at that time could communicate this information, distinctly declined to do so; and stated to Mr. Arbuthnot, as a reason, that from the practice of the British parliament in calling for official papers, which were afterwards promulgated throughout Europe, it was impossible to make those confidential communications to our accredited ministers abroad, which were made to those of other nations, without any detriment to the cause in question. I have also heard of other cases in which this custom has operated to our prejudice in our foreign relations; and it may, indeed, naturally be supposed that on all occasions where present secrecy is necessary to the successful issue of a measure, and future secrecy to the preservation of it, a foreign minister would reluctantly communicate any document to the British government, unless it were that the end itself could not be accomplished without our concurrence.

The evil would be comparatively small, if the knowledge of such documents were confined merely to the members of the legislature; but, from the unbounded liberty of the press which this country happily enjoys, they are sure to be made public, and transferred from the English journals to those of every country in Europe; and what, in the first instance, was intended only as a constitutional communication from the crown to the parliament, becomes the hacknied topic of investigation in coffee-houses, tap-rooms, and common-council meet-



ings. To remedy this inconvenience only one of two things seems practicable : either to restrain the privileges of parliament, or the freedom of the press ; either to recognize in ministers a just power of refusing to communicate such documents ; or, being communicated, to prohibit their publication in the daily papers. Both these alternatives, however, appear to be equally dangerous, for both might be made the precedent for alarming encroachments upon the prerogatives of the legislature, and the rights of the people. It appears, therefore, that the only thing which can be done is to trust to the discretion of those who seek premature information, and to the firmness of those whose duty it is to afford or withhold it according to their conviction of what may be most expedient : but, the easiest process would be if Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Ponsonby, Lord Grenville, Lord Grey, and the Marquis of Lansdowne, could moderate, a little, their appetite for novelty, and only reflect that while they are gratifying a vague and aimless curiosity, they are instrumental perhaps in inflicting deep and dangerous wounds upon the prosperity of their country. Newspaper proprietors would also evince more judgment, patriotism, and good sense, than they are commonly supposed to possess, if they were sometimes to sacrifice temporary popularity, a transient augmentation of profit, or a shallow reputation for authentic intelligence, to an honorable feeling of what would best promote the national good. We should then see none of those letters, manifestoes, declarations, notes, &c. surreptitiously obtained, and promulgated only from the weakest or the worst motives.

Another practice, equally injurious to our interests, originates in parliament. I allude to those frequent motions for papers connected with our financial, military, or naval condition. I have been told that Buonaparte used to derive more useful information with regard to this country, from what took place in the House of Com-

mons, than from all the spies he employed, and all the domestic traitors he rewarded. He knew exactly our strength and our weakness; what we were capable of doing, and what we intended to do. To this injudicious practice also I am confident we may ascribe the failure of many of our expeditions, their destination and force being so exactly known before they ever quitted our ports that a suitable reception was generally prepared for them. Certainly, so far as unity of design, and promptitude of action are requisite, it is not likely they can often be attained under a system which puts it in the power of any individual to destroy the one and impede the other. Yet, every one must admit that the success of a military enterprize as often depends upon the secrecy and rapidity of its execution as upon the magnitude or efficiency of its means; and that where every part is liable to piece-meal scrutiny before it can be put in motion, or if not so minutely analyzed, at least warped from its just and steady course by inquiries, hints, and dissuasions, the probability of ultimate success becomes very slender indeed. Surely, the most enthusiastic lover of the British constitution, (and none can venerate its beautiful and harmonious proportions more than I do) must wish that it should be as free from blemish as human wisdom can make it; and no one can deny that the evils I have pointed out are great and practical ones. I do not pretend to suggest the remedy for them: that must be the work of deliberate and collective wisdom; but I shall never cease to wish for their removal.

CIVIS.

---

*To the Editor of the Scourge.*

SIR,

IN different publications besides the 53d number of the SCOURGE, I have been called upon to give up the name of the person who accompanied General Lee to the christening of Charles Davers at Rushbrooke church; and

as no restraint had ever been put upon me from making what use I pleased of the communications which were written down for me, I have the less hesitation in saying that TREICE was the name of the lady who accompanied General Lee on the 20th of April, 1770, to the christening of Charles Davers at Rushbrooke church. As her life appeared to be very precarious at the time I first saw her in this place, I requested her to commit the leading facts to paper, in order that I might be able to verify by her own hand-writing what she had communicated to me.

At the time of my entering on a correspondence with the present Mr. Woodfall, on the subject of Junius, a return of indisposition had brought her again to Yarmouth, and enabled me to converse more about the habits of Lee during his frequent residence at Rushbrooke with Sir Charles Davers. It was this lady who also furnished me with the caricature drawing which she considered, though a caricature, yet as the strongest likeness which she had ever seen of Lee. After I had sent her a copy of my publication on the subject of Junius, with a proof engraving from the drawing, she acknowledged the reception of them in the following words :

*“ Secklermore, April, 1813.*

*“ Dear Sir,*

*“ I received your parcel, and, as you requested, forwarded the pamphlets—one to my son, and one to Sir Charles Banbury.*

*“ Indeed you have been very correct respecting the conversation that passed between us at Yarmouth, and also the account and dates I gave you in writing. 'Tis all true, I assure you. I recollect all those years that I told you of as if it were only yesterday. I think I see Lee before me pursuing his strange odd ways that he did at Rushbrooke. I thank you for his beautiful picture. Nothing can be more like than it was to Lee himself. He is so fresh in my mind that now I fancy he and I are quarrelling about his dog, which we did every day regularly.*

*“ Yours, very truly,*

*(Signed)*

*“ FRANCES TREICE.”*



Above twelve months after writing the above letter to me Mrs. Treice died at her residence at Secklermore, near Bury St. Edmunds.

With respect to the copy of the christening, a copy can be obtained by any person from the parish register by applying to the curate of the parish of Rushbrooke. My copy is at present mislaid; but it perhaps may be producible for a future number of your work.

Your obedient servant,

THOS. GIRDLESTONE.

Yarmouth, May 8, 1815.

---

### THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.—No. I.

---

THINK, hapless artist! tho' thy skill can raise  
The bursting peal of universal praise,  
Though, at thy beck, applause delighted stands,  
And lifts, Briareus like, his hundred hands,  
Yet, fame awards thee but a partial breath,  
Not all thy talents brave the stroke of death!  
Poets, to ages yet unborn appeal,  
And latest times the eternal nature feel.  
Though blended here the praise of bard and play'r,  
While more than half becomes the actor's share,  
Relentless death untwists the mingled fame,  
And sinks the play'r in the poet's name.  
The pliant muscles of the various face,  
The mien that gave each sentence strength and grace,  
The tuneful voice, the eye that spoke the mind,  
Are gone, nor leave a single trace behind.

LLOYD.

YOUNG.

IN selecting this performer to commence our series of theatrical portraits, we have been influenced by the desire to exhibit the triumph of elaborate study rather than the excellence of nature. Mr. Young is the pupil of artificial energies. He has formed himself upon a model,

perfect in some of its parts ; and though faultless as an imitator, yet most faulty in imitating. When we praise him most, it is when we are most struck with the accuracy of the copy : and indirectly therefore we praise the original in praising him. Merit, which is merely derivative, must always lose something of that dignity and honour which belong to its primitive production ; and so far as individual glory is concerned, it is always better to be original in a few things, than skilfully correct in imitating many.

When we substract from Mr. Young what he has borrowed from his predecessor and contemporary, we do not leave him much that can be applauded. There is not an instance upon record in which he has imparted to a character those attributes, whose force and propriety are so irresistible that succeeding actors must adopt them if they hope to please. He evidently does not possess the faculty of transfusing into a part any of those magic touches which the judgment intuitively recognises because consonant to the dictates of nature ; or of sustaining its general prominence by a profound and felicitous conception of the poet. He impresses no new forms upon his delineation ; he never elicits unexpected beauties, nor elevates into importance passages which neglect or ignorance had hitherto suffered to escape. The volume of nature, though it lies open to him, as to every man, he looks upon, but cannot read ; hence, when he would expound her language, his commentary always betrays his insufficiency. He never emits native light ; but reflects, what he has, from others. Like the mocking bird of the new world, he has no note of his own, but can imitate, with exquisite fidelity, the song he hears.

These are Mr. Young's general characteristics as a performer ; but though they must ever deprive him of the reputation of a great and original actor, they do not obstruct the fame he has acquired as a judicious, impressive, and pleasing one. He often delights, and never

He possesses a chaste and regulated propriety of manner, which if it does not excite our wonder, always satisfies our expectation; we do not admire, indeed, but we cannot hesitate to approve. He neither creeps nor soars, but perpetually hovers between the middle and upper regions of excellence. The most discerning eye cannot detect faults of magnitude; the most indulgent critic cannot expatiate on beauties. The mind is sunk in a state of pleasing apathy, from which, if it is roused, the poet, and not the actor, is the exciting cause. We often find, in society, negative, unmarked characters, which resemble Mr. Young on the stage; characters that win our confidence and approbation because they do not provoke stronger passions, and having nothing in them upon which censure can fix, are gratuitously supposed to be blameless, as some shallow reasoners naturally conclude the "reverse of wrong is right." Great excellencies are attainable only by those who risk great successes. To dwell in "decencies for ever," is the lot of those who want energies sufficient to lift them to greatness.

Mr. Young may perhaps be tempted to ask what an actor is, if he be not one. I will answer him in the language of the poet:

'Tis he who gives my breast a thousand pains,  
Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;  
Furage, compose, with more than magic art,  
With pity and with terror tear my heart.

Applause Mr. Young receives, and deserves to receive. He is justly a favourite, for he studies to excel, and always evinces an anxiety to illustrate his author. In characters which demand no nice touches of the art, where not only the outline is vigorously marked by the poet, but the whole composition delineated in such strong colours that good sense and a cultivated mind are alone requisite to transfer them from the volume to the stage. Mr. Young will always delight by his impressive and manly manner. His *Pierre* for instance, a rough, frank,



and intrepid soldier, fearless alike in battle and in conspiracies, prompt to engage in a desperate design, and spurning at the baseness of a friend who betrayed it, is a chaste and accurate piece of acting, so far as the exhibition of those qualities is concerned. Nothing can be finer than his reproof of Renault after the lecherous reptile had attempted the honor of Belvidera, and his ardent daring of the resentment of the conspirators who suspect the integrity of his friend Jaffier. We behold the man who at once despises suspicion in others, and disdains to feel it himself; and who, by the dauntless air of sincerity he assumes, both awes and conciliates those whose swords were half-drawn against him. His Hotspur, a character somewhat similar in its most prominent features, is another performance to which few exceptions can be made except in his description of the fop, which, by a strange perversion of good taste, he absolutely burlesques, and his impatient efforts to recal the name of Berkeley Castle. A nice and accurate knowledge of nature is required to pourtray the stammering and fretful eagerness of a man who is checked in the full career of an important communication by forgetting some necessary part of it; a man too whose very nature is essentially irritable and uncurbed. The rapid incoherence, the sudden transition from one idea to another, and the vehement appeal to those whom he thinks may anticipate his want, are finely expressed by Shakespeare himself, and as finely embodied by Mr. Kemble: but Mr. Young, instead of mingling all these varied qualities, substitutes for them the single one of impetuous gesticulation and hurried accents.

Cassius, in Julius Cæsar, is another character which Mr. Young plays with great effect. The calm and steady virtue of the Roman patriot, his pride of nature, which cannot brook a tyrant's sway, and his stern reproof of Brutus, who less warmly feels his country's wrongs, are all displayed with consummate skill. The most fastidi-

ous judgment can find nothing which it would wish to alter. Every look, tone, and gesture, partakes of those properties which from our earliest initiation into classical literature we have been accustomed to associate with the ideas of a Roman. The inflexible brow, the grave deportment, the majestic air, and the measured declamation, he skilfully sustains, because they are all artificial, and can be acquired only by diligent study before a mirror. But the deep workings of nature, the secret recesses of the mind, the hidden involutions of passion, cannot be learned by subtle theories or factitious helps: they are intuitive; they must be felt before they can be portrayed, and when felt, the power to display them is co-existent, though capable of many modifications to give it force and elegance. Were Garrick now alive, he would confess that the happiest touches of his art, those sublime efforts which captivated all who beheld them, were not the result of premeditation; they were the spontaneous effusions of his feelings at the moment, and by surrendering himself wholly to their impulse, he lost his own identity in the character he assumed, and spoke, and looked, and moved, as nature dictated. It is this capacity alone which can form a great actor, and this depends not upon himself but upon a thousand physical and intellectual causes over which he has no controul.

If we look to Mr. Young's performance of the Stranger, we shall there behold a strong illustration of this doctrine. The Stranger, with all its unnatural extravagance, is a character of pure feeling; of feeling sublimed to a state of morbid irritability by concentrating itself wholly upon one topic. Like the madness of Lear, which in all its wandering still reverts to its cause, and mingles with its wildest ravings some remembrance of a daughter's ingratitude, the melancholy of the Stranger, whether fretful or placid, whether sarcastic or tender, turns incessantly to the infidelity of a beloved wife, and

sees in all the occurrences of the world, something that reminds him of his wrongs, or embitters his sufferings. His heart, lacerated and torn from its hold upon society by losing all that made society dear to it, is filled with but one emotion, one thought, one remembrance—the perfidy of Adelaide: and every feeling which casual events may excite, is tinged more or less with that prevailing sentiment. The happiness of others is irksome to him, not because he repines at their felicity, but because it recalls the destruction of his own; and he is so wedded to secluded grief that he suspects the most ordinary courtesies which are offered to him, as snares laid by officious zeal to wean him from his purpose. To exhibit these ambiguous but constant workings of a single passion, requires a minute knowledge of its operation under dissimilar circumstances, and a profound apprehension of some of the most recondite phenomena of the human mind. It is not by a few broad and uniform tints that it can be represented. Mr. Young, however, forgets this, and in his personation of the Stranger, nothing is portrayed beyond a general gloom and sullenness of character, which may as well belong to a cold and insensible heart, as to one teeming with benevolence, but stung with treachery and ingratitude.

The same discriminating features will be found to pervade the whole of Mr. Young's professional exertions. In Hamlet, nothing can be better than his declamation, and nothing less gratifying than his scenes of nature. Hence he is frequently very admirable as an artist; but never felicitous as an expositor of the heart.

---

#### RELIGIOUS ABUSES.

SIR,

I HAVE perused with considerable satisfaction the strictures contained in your last number on the subject of Clerical Education, Ordination, &c. and perfectly agree with your intelligent correspondent, that there



exist, under this rubric, a variety of abuses of the most heinous and alarming nature, which call loudly for exposure and redress. When we see religion daily falling into greater disrepute; when the regular temples of the established worship are deserted for fanatical conventicles, where the most preposterous doctrines are inculcated, and as eagerly snapped up and swallowed; when illiterate pretenders take upon themselves to become expounders of the most abstruse mysteries; when their proselytes muster by "thousands and by tens of thousands," the thinking mind is naturally led to enquire into the causes of this alarming perversion, and to endeavour to trace the evil to its veritable and legitimate source.

Foremost on the list of causes, to which may justly be attributed the wide-spreading growth of methodism, and an almost infinite diversity of sects in this country, ought to be ranked, in my humble opinion, the culpable supineness, indifference, and negligence of a large proportion of the ministers of the established church. A clergyman, who goes through the routine of his ministry with apathy and coldness; whose whole manner, voice, looks, and gesture, proclaim that he considers and discharges the duties of the sacerdotal office as a disagreeable and painful task, as a mere *opus operatum* imposed of necessity upon him, and of which the sooner he gets quit the better—such a man most assuredly cannot be expected to make much impression on the hearts of his audience. In the pulpit, not less than on the stage; in sacred, not less than in poetical and dramatic composition, the Horatian precept will be found to hold invariably good—

—— si vis me flere, dolendum est

Primum ipsi tibi.——

Can it be rationally hoped, that the dull, phlegmatic, unimpassioned recital of a written or a printed sermon, read in a school-boy manner and tone of voice, without expression, without dignity, without animation, without inflexion, without grace, should succeed in keeping alive

the attention of the hearer? Will it either enlighten his understanding, or interest his feelings? Most decidedly not—the languor of the lecturer, by natural process, communicates to the reader, on whom it operates like the benumbing touch of the torpedo.

That amongst the collective tribe of regularly ordained ministers of the church of England, there are numbers who have duly profited of the advantages of a liberal education, and who have enriched their minds with a copious store of useful and ornamental knowledge, cannot admit of a moment's doubt. But how few of them are there, comparatively speaking, who, in the discharge of their public ministry, avail themselves of these valuable acquirements! How few of them are there who read either the Litany of the church, or their own *bought*, or manufactured sermons with even common decency! How many of them, on the other hand, who run over this part of their duty in nearly the same style as a school-boy rehearses his lesson, or, like a parrot, who retails the sentences he has been taught to repeat by rote without understanding them.

The inhabitants of this country have been accustomed, from time immemorial, and this custom has been abetted by the sanction of many of our most approved and popular writers, to look up with reverence and respect to three distinct schools of elocution, viz. The pulpit, the bar, and the stage. Notwithstanding the force and weight of long received habits, and inveterate prejudice, I, for my part, Mr Editor, am greatly disposed to call in question the authority and competency of either of the two former of these reputed tribunals. Thus, for instance, with reference to the pulpit, it has frequently fallen to my lot to hear a clergyman in reading the Lord's prayer, convert that admirable form and model of religious supplication into downright nonsense! Instead of expressing a devout wish that the divine name may be universally *hallowed*, they pray to have it *hollowed*!

and more than one clergyman of the established church I could name, who, in reading the lesson from the gospel of St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke, relative to the disciples plucking the ears of corn, which they did eat, "being a-hungred on the Sabbath-day"—when they come to that passage where Christ defends the conduct of his apostles by a reference to what David did, under similar circumstances, when he, and those with him, did eat of the show-bread, uniformly pronounce the word *shoe-bread*! Would such glaring blunders and improprieties, let me ask, be tolerated, I will not say on a London, but on any respectable provincial stage?

My object, however, in the present enquiry, being not so much to point out the culpability of the ministers of the established church, though I am far from wishing to disguise their faults on which I may, peradventure, expatiate more largely on some future occasion, as to draw the attention of the legislature to certain crying abuses, on the part of those who dissent from that church, both in doctrine, in discipline, and in practise, the above attack on the regular ordained clergy is to be considered as merely incidental and contingent. I have animadverted on the remissness of church of England ministers, as being, in my opinion, one of the principal reasons of the rapid increase of methodism, the primary disposing cause of the almost infinite multiplication of fanatical sects, and illiterate proselyte-mongers, who over run this country from one extremity to the other.

And here let my meaning not be mistaken, nor my real motives misrepresented. God forbid, that I should ever enlist under the banners of intolerance and persecution! My wish, my most ardent wish, is to see every man enjoy free liberty of opinion; both in secular, as well as in ecclesiastical concerns. But let not this spirit of toleration and indulgence be wrested from its genuine purpose: Let it not be perverted into the means of fraud and duplicity, nor turned into an engine for the abetment of hypocrisy and sordid interest,



In the present arduous times, when, after having waged a ruinous war of nearly twenty years, (with the exception of the short-lived *armed-truce* of Amiens) the country is momentarily expecting to be plunged into a renewal of the contest, the duration and results of which baffle all human foresight and calculation, great and heavy burdens are necessarily imposed upon the community. From many of these, the clergy are, for good and obvious reasons, exempt. Thus a minister of the church is not liable to be called upon for military services either by land or by sea. He is not subject to the operations of militia laws, nor amenable to be subpœnaed in juries; pays no tax for the privilege of wearing hair-powder, provided his income be under a certain stated rate, with various other privileges and immunities. In how far some of these numerous prerogatives may be founded upon, and compatible with sound policy, it is not our present purpose to discuss; but we contend, that the object of the legislature, in according them to the clergy, was evidently to afford facilities and encouragement to a class of men, more immediately charged with the important duties of public instruction, and duly recognized as qualified for that high trust. It never could have been the intention to open a wide door to imposition and abuse; nor to exempt a parcel of lazy and designing hypocrites from bearing their share and proportion of the public burthens of the state.

That a man, who has the charge of a respectable congregation (whether in the community of the church of England, or an adherent of the dissenters, matters not) should enjoy a certain consideration, we are very far from condemning. Every minister, who has been duly prepared and qualified for his office, by a course of appropriate education, may be useful in his respective sphere and calling. And we think, it will not argue illiberality on our side, when we consent to place him, in respect to clerical immunities, on the same footing with the

clergy of the established church. But surely none but a madman will contend, that the same privileges should be awarded to a parcel of illiterate blockheads, or mercenary hypocrites, who without ever having been instructed themselves, pretend to instruct others. Ought the man of education, who has gone through the regular routine of previous qualification to enable him to undertake the office of a mentor and a teacher of others, ought a man of this description to be put on a level with every lazy vagabond, who, too idle to earn his bread by honest industry, pretends to have *received a call*, and runs up and down the country, endeavouring to deceive the weak and credulous into a belief of his divine mission, and to live on the fat of the land, at the expence of the laborious classes, whose understanding he perverts, and whose bounty he abuses? Can such a man be said to acquire a legitimate claim and right, by the payment of the *paltry fee of three shillings*, for a licence to preach, or, in plain English, to disseminate folly and absurdity, to an exemption from being called upon in the defence of his king and country? to an exemption from the hair powder duty? to the privilege of refusing to attend on juries? with various other similar prerogatives. This plea, once admitted, taking out a preaching licence becomes an object of pecuniary and profitable speculation. Far better pay three shillings, than be called upon to provide a substitute for the militia, or pay the annual premium to the different societies established for this purpose.

I have at this moment lying before me, Mr. Editor, an ancient list of the names of the several persons, who in the course of one year took out preaching licences at Hicks's-hall. Would it be supposed, that the number, for one year only, amounts to no less than three hundred and ninety-seven persons? Among other illustrious characters, it contains a *sheep's head merchant!* a *chimney-sweeper!* a *dealer in old clothes!* a *foot-man, out of place!*

a *journeyman knife-grinder!* and though last, not least, a *press-man!* All these pious worthies immediately prefix the title of *reverend* to their name, and conceive themselves brother-labourers with the regular clergy in the Lord's vineyard.

It is now about five weeks ago, that I called upon a gentleman of considerable eminence in his profession, as a painter. I found him in a very gay mood, and on enquiring into the cause of his mirth, was informed, that a few days before he had sent a message to a *Mr. H.* by trade a carver and gilder, requesting him to call respecting some frames which he wanted for his pictures. The answer returned was, that the *Reverend J. H.* was not at home, having gone into the country to preach the word; but that he was expected to return in a week, when he would wait upon the gentleman, and receive his commands. The *Reverend J. H.* called accordingly the very morning of my visit, and on my friend's asking him how he came to be metamorphosed into a clergyman, very gravely replied, that he had been at Greenwich fair, with other profane persons, on Easter Monday. On coming home, they called into a public-house to drink a pot of porter, when suddenly he felt a strange working within him. At the same time it was forcibly impressed upon his mind, that he should immediately stand up and hold forth the word. He accordingly borrowed a table of the landlord, (who probably judged that this preaching fit might prove no unprofitable joke to his house in fair time) mounted the spiritual rostrum, and begun to hold forth with marvellous unction. Some laughed at him, others pelted him, but the work of the Lord went on, in spite of all opposition, insomuch that a drummer, belonging to the Coldstream regiment of Guards, was converted on the spot, and has ever since remained a chosen vessel of grace—which *Mr. H.* argued afforded incontrovertible evidence of the truth of his call to the ministry. To save himself from disagreeable acci-



dents in future, such as being exposed to a pelting, with other adventures of a like nature, against which a field-preacher has no redress, at law, unless he be invested with a licence, the *Reverend* J. H. had very properly taken out the said useful diploma, and continued his spiritual labours with increasing success. He was only doubtful and perplexed in his mind, like *Maw-worm*, in the play, in how far it was right and proper for him, after having received so distinguished a call to the ministry, to continue to exercise a worldly trade.

In elucidation of what I have already remarked, on the subject of the clergy being exempted from all attendance on juries, I shall here briefly state, that calling the other day on my aforesaid friend, who as I have already premised is a painter of eminence, and a member of the Royal Academy, I was disappointed in my hopes of seeing him, in consequence of his being engaged on a jury at Westminster-hall. This was the second day of attendance, on this disagreeable office, the irksomeness and disadvantage of which, to a professional man of high repute and extensive practice, may be easily conceived. Now, had this self-same artist, been a person of no talents, and as little principle; had he been a vile dauber, a worthless Harp-alley sign-post painter by paying *three shillings* for a preaching licence, after the example of the *reverend* carver and gilder, above noticed, he might have purchased complete exemption and immunity, not only from all attendance on juries, but likewise from all burdensome parochial offices. This circumstance, Mr. Editor, in my opinion, is highly entitled to the attention of the legislature; and as your miscellany has long been distinguished for the boldness and impartiality of its principles, I have been induced to select the *SCOURGE*, in preference to every other vehicle of information, for the purpose of bringing the discussion fairly before the public.

I am, &c.

Windsor, May 13th, 1815.

ARISTIDES.

## THE PLACEMAN'S UNIVERSAL PRAYER ;

A PARODY.

*Extracted from a Treasury Portfolio of the Nineteenth Century.*

ADDRESSED TO A PREMIER.

SUPPORT OF ALL !—in ev'ry age  
In ev'ry state ador'd :  
The saint, the minion, and the sage  
Acknowledge thee as LORD !

Thou GREAT FIRST SOURCE, well understood,  
Who hast my hopes confin'd ;  
Teach me to *feel* that thou art good,  
I'll at thy *nod* be blind !

Let conscience warn me as it may,  
Or dictate to be done ;  
Devotion to thy *will* I'll pay,  
'Fore aught beneath the sun.

If I vote *right*, O grant my heart  
Still in the right to stay !  
If I vote *wrong*, thy *hints* impart  
To vote a *better* way.

What honour from thy bounty springs  
I'll gratefully receive ;  
And, in return, the rights of kings  
Most earnestly believe.

Yet not to my contracted ken  
Thy influence let me bound ;  
But think thee form'd for other men,  
When thousands wait around !

Let no presuming pigmy hand  
Thy giant strides oppose ;  
But deal the thunder of the land  
On all who dare be foes.

Save me alike from envious pride,  
Or peevish discontent ;  
At aught which *policy* denied,  
Or aught *corruption* sent,

Teach me to spurn the people's woe,  
To gild each crime I see :  
If partial to thy faults I show,  
Then partial show to me.

Mean though I was, I'm now not so,  
Since raised by thy breath ;  
Gladly I'll follow where you go,  
To plunder, or to death !

To thee, whose gold pervades all space,  
Whose will restraint defies ;  
One chorus let all *placemen* raise,  
And loudly rend the skies !

---

## THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH CONSTITUTIONS.

---

SIR,

THE proposition of a new constitution to the people of France is represented by the Editor of the *Times* as an "insidious measure of delusion ;" an imperfect imitation of the "principles of English liberty," and exciting the contempt of every judicious and patriotic Briton. It becomes the duty therefore of an independent monthly journalist to examine to what extent complaints of this description are justified by "existing circumstances," and whether the French legislators have acted wisely or unwisely in refusing to establish a government exactly upon the model of the English constitution.

That the English nation has hitherto enjoyed a greater proportion of civil and political liberty than any of its continental neighbours, is an evident and incontrovertible fact, and no one but an individual of depraved imagination, would have the hardihood to deny so obvious a



truth. I am afraid, however, that this comparative advantage has arisen from a fortunate coincidence of fortuitous events, instead of resulting from the operation of simple, connected, and accurate maxims of government. In the single instance of trial by jury, an institution which, though originally common to every nation that adopted the feudal system, was during many ages confined to this island, may be discovered the chief source of that social happiness which the English have enjoyed. In no country aspiring to freedom, have the rights of the subject been more vaguely and inaccurately defined; under few institutions pretending to liberal principles has the actual liberty of the citizen been more imperfectly secured or understood than in England. It was not till the year 1789 that the judges were endowed with the power of deciding on points of law, as well as of fact, nor was this unalienable right awarded to the people by their haughty and tyrannical rulers till the most inhuman punishments inflicted on able, enlightened, but mistaken men, awakened the nation from its slumber, and impressed the people with a sense of their danger and their duty.

“Government,” says Hobbes, “is a mere piece of block-work, and having springs and wheels, must act after a certain manner, and therefore the whole art is to construct it so that it must move to the public advantage. It is certain that every man will act for his own interest: so that this whole mystery is only to make the interests of the governors and the governed coincide.” Admitting the truth of the proposition, it is necessary to inquire whether this effect be really produced by the principles and operation of that system, which the editor of the *Times* denominates a *chef d'œuvre* of political art, which not to admire is the most impious and *damnable* of heresies.

The British constitution is composed of three very distinct and separate parts, of which only *one* is supposed

to act in the name, and speak the voice of the people. Here, however, I would propose it as a fundamental opinion, from which we are unable to depart without being exposed to all the evils of unrestrained domination, that every government in which the people are not identified with the legislative body, is in its nature pure and positive tyranny; and as where obedience is a crime, resistance becomes a duty, submission cannot be justly required or yielded to any institution which does not emanate from the will of the people, or be established in conformity to their decision. The object of representation is to collect the general opinion. In this country, however, a legislature has been established, composed of three distinct branches, but vesting in one of these branches alone the representation of the people. The other two branches, the king and the house of peers, are not a portion of the *representative* body, and ought therefore to constitute no necessary or essential part of the legislative body. The sovereignty of a kingdom resides in the people at large; and it cannot be exclusively usurped by any insulated portion of the inhabitants of a free country. Yet the house of peers is by the very nature of its construction completely independent of the people, and forms a part of the general legislature.

The inordinate privileges with which the peerage of England is invested, and the unconditional negative it possesses on the resolutions of the real or supposed representatives of the people, are utterly incompatible with the genius of representative government. It is asserted, indeed, that expedience requires that there should be a body of respectable citizens to interpose respecting the disputes which may arise between the king and the people. But since all power is derived from the people, and exercised for their benefit, no individual, or body of individuals, can possess the right of controlling their will. The nation alone is the fountain of sovereign authority; it existed previously to the formation, and continues independently of the government. Its will is the origin of

all legal authority, and whatever restriction counteracts the exertion of that will, is null and void.

The ministerial journals repeatedly and unblushingly assert, that the house of commons actually represents the nation, though no opinion can be more palpably absurd. If we direct our view to the object of national representation, we shall perceive it to be diseased in all its principal parts; deformed, not merely by the abuses that time, indifference, and corruption, may have introduced, but defective in its primary structure. It is of all things most necessary that this part of the legislature should be subjected to the most rigid scrutiny. It is an object of the highest and most serious importance that the national representatives should be secured from the contagious operation of private influence. Every avenue by which the monster of corruption might assail them, should be watched with more than Cerberian vigilance. Whether this important and primary object be secured to the people of England is more than doubtful. The subjoined statement of the disproportion of delegates to that of electors, will clearly elucidate the imperfect nature and decayed condition of our parliamentary representation.

## I.

<i>Places.</i>	<i>Electors.</i>	<i>Members.</i>
London.....	(7,000) sends.....	4
Westminster.....	(12,000) .....	2
Middlesex.....	(5,500) .....	2
Surry.....	(4,500) .....	2
Southwark.....	(2,000) .....	2
<hr/>		<hr/>
So that in these places, 24,000 persons send.....		12
<hr/>		<hr/>

## II.

Newhaven.....	(1) sends.....	2
Old Sarum.....	(1) .....	2
Midhurst.....	(1) .....	2
Castlerising.....	(1) .....	2
Marlborough.....	(3) .....	2
Daughton.....	(4) .....	2
<hr/>		<hr/>
So that..... 12 electors send.....		12
which is one each, or as many as are sent by 24,000.		



It now becomes necessary to speak of the powers vested in the third or executive branch of the legislature, commonly distinguished by the term royal prerogative. It is a fundamental maxim of the British constitution, that the person actually exercising the functions of sovereignty can do no wrong, that his person is inviolable, and cannot be made to suffer for any action however destructive to his subjects, or repugnant to the principles of virtue and morality; but since he cannot undertake any important measure without the advice and the sanction of his ministers, the latter are made responsible to the nation for the actions of the former: and we thus arrive at the absurd and ridiculous conclusion, that an individual may be appointed and endowed with the benefit of the most momentous prerogatives, while other men are answerable for their misapplication or abuse. In the king also, resides the power of making war and peace: he appoints judges to superintend the administration of justice, and nominates to the vacant offices of the army and navy. The convocation of the representatives of the people is entirely dependant upon him, and their meetings are prorogued and dissolved at the pleasure of the crown. The English constitution has also given to the sovereign the power of pardoning offences, and hence he is emphatically styled the fountain of mercy. Without a reason, or without assigning a reason, he may supersede the grave decisions of a court of justice founded on a fair and public examination of evidence. In his hands is vested the power of making treaties and forming alliances, and no law is valid or effective until it has obtained the sanction and signature of royalty. He possesses the privilege of conferring the honours of nobility, and his office is hereditary.

If it be true, then, that the responsibility of the sovereign himself for the exercise of functions so important, devolves upon his ministers, what security does the con-

stitution of England offer for the most valuable rights and liberties of the subject? A large majority, when any question arises, nearly affecting their personal interest, or that of their parasites and dependants, are always ready to rally round the woolsack and the treasury-bench, and the unrepresented nation at large is compelled to submit to the decision of individuals who are at once pleaders and judges in their own causes ; an assemblage of placemen, owners of boroughs, and dependants on noble or wealthy families. For the responsibility of ministers to be real, it is necessary that the people should be *actually* represented ; that the vote of an individual representing one constituent should no longer be received as an equivalent to the vote of him who speaks the voice of ten thousand electors.

If any proof were required of the justice of these observations, the papers presented to the house last month would be more than sufficient to verify their justice. The statements of Mr. Tierney were sufficiently alarming, but the documents now subjected to the inspection of the "band of senators, whose virtue sways" Britannia's realms exhibit one of the most afflicting and humiliating proofs of courtly extravagance that any age or nation has hitherto produced. History, indeed, has recorded the prodigality of eastern kings, the luxuries of Roman emperors, and the excesses of the earlier Bourbons ; but the fortunate subjects of those notorious monarchs were not mocked by the paraphernalia of limited government, and legitimate controul over their own property, or over the manners of their princes. The ingenious instruments, money-bills, committees of supply, and votes of credit, had not yet been invented by the ministers of finance ; and if the wealth and treasure of the people was taken dishonestly, it was taken openly. One hundred and fifty-six thousand pounds for a taylor's bill might have satisfied the ostentatious vanity of Caligula himself!

D.

To MONSIEUR T—LL—D.

FROM THE DEVIL.

---

BE not alarmed at the title of this address. I am no longer the black, ferocious monster which in former days was painted with a flaming tail, a pair of resplendent horns, a visage as black and hideous as that of one of my earthly favourites, C—N, and a *tale* as long, but more easily tangible, than any which YORK has ever told, or ROBINSON repeated. However incredible it may appear, I am so far transformed for my own benefit at least as to have become a very civil, polite, and obliging creature. From a lover of flogging, torture, fire-brands, grid-irons, execution by martial law, I have adopted, in example of several of your most approved and successful patriots, orators, and statesmen; the glib tongue, the insidious surmise, the subtle inuendo, the circumlocutory explanation, the plausible address, the facility of promise that is never intended to be performed, the revengeful smile that murders as it soothes, and all the other attributes of an accomplished minister.

Even devils may learn from the improvement of those whom they first instructed, and the conduct of yourself and brethren have much delighted and improved the guides of their actions, and the sharers of their toils. Duplicity, treachery, and all the *courtly* artifices of the satanic palace, have all been surpassed by the finesse and tergiversation of the Parisian and the Vienna Pandemonia. With what singular dexterity of skill have you betrayed a master, obtained the sacrifice of a favourite daughter, and ultimately consigned to oppression, slavery, and death, the inhabitants of the fairest portion of your sublunary world! The Inquisition is, above all human institutions, my favorite establishment: I did not much relish the abolition of this favourite engine of all that is dear to my heart, at the first aspect of the affair, but can now discover that the expedient was adopted as an admirable



artifice for the furtherance of more atrocious designs ; and thanks to the exertions of the potentates in my favor, it is restored in all its splendour, and to all the purposes of human misery in which it was formerly employed. Your partition of Poland, and your declarations against Buonaparte, particularly delight me ; for though he be somewhat dearer to my heart than many of those with whom you are now engaged, yet he wants the cool discretion, I am afraid, and the tranquil plausibility that you and your friends so pre-eminently possess.

At former periods the perpetration of what they were pleased to term atrocious crimes, among the vulgar inhabitants of earth, was attributed in France to *Le Conseil de Diable*, and in England to the instigation of the devil. But I am proud to observe that the same compliment is now paid to my superintendence and advice in concerns more immediately relating to more exalted characters. The oppression of Italy, the enslaving of Genoa, the sacrifice of the patriots of Spain to the bigotry and fatuity of an arbitrary monarch, the resumption in England of the property-tax and the corn-bill, and many other measures adopted under the sanction of law, are generally attributed to the influence I have obtained over the minds and purposes of the exalted individuals to whom the interests of Europe have been confided. To grind the poor, imprison the deserving, extend the progress of slaughter and usurpation ; to sacrifice the happiness of millions to a casual ebullition of lust or drunkenness ; to cajole mankind by professions of the most magnanimous designs, and to act directly contrary to those professions, are acts which, dear as they are to you and me, could only have been accomplished through the agency of the existing generation of sovereigns and courtiers.

For 5718 years (for Eve was turned of 100, when I first deluded her,) I have been known to the nations of the earth by invisible wanderings ; of which the efficacy was unfortunately precluded by the influence of religion

and the proneness to peace and benevolence, so innate among the greatest portion of mankind. It was not, my dear T——o, till you and your late master assumed the government of an extensive kingdom, that I entertained the hope of demoralizing the world at large, reducing the French to a depraved and organized rabble of assassins and plunderers, and by the destruction of Germany and England, exhausting the sources of religion and humanity. Now, however, thanks, Sir, to you and other individuals, prospect is different. On the one side the atrocities of your late master promise a fertile harvest of murders, conscriptions, tortures, rapes, and confiscations. On the other, the disposition of the continental powers (not to mention that of the insular governments,) is exactly as I wish: distinguished by that petty cunning which imagines schemes of wickedness far surpassing my own inventions; injuring others and recoiling upon themselves; but quite incapable, even after the most afflicting expence of correcting their mistakes, or reforming their morality. Between a tyrant possessed of the will and the talent to do irreparable mischief to the human race, and opponents who practice his wickedness, without being able to countervail its influence on themselves, what a glorious conflict of opposing evil will delight the enemies of mankind, and the inhabitants of Pandemonium!

Exhilarated by the prospect before me; approving of your friendly interference in the execution of all my designs; anxious to enter the council of Napoleon, and to laugh in *propria persona* at the unwilling simplicity with which the Congress unwittingly fulfils my secret wishes, I am at length determined no longer to remain invisible, but in the garb of some well-known individual, or the person of several successive distinguished men, to participate and direct the various measures and events which are likely to result from the combined wickedness and cunning of the continental sovereigns. In what shape or shapes I shall ultimately appear I have

not yet decidedly determined. There is one great personage, indeed, whose manner, dress, and appearance, I had intended to assume ; but you remember the story of Belpheger, and I am neither partial on my own account to domestic quarrels, or to the payment of taylor's bills at a moment when it might be inconvenient to run away. In Pandemonium, our whiskers are singed away, and the task of preparing and adjusting artificial shoulders, would be to an aerial individual infernally provoking. Nor am I peculiarly partial to fat and forty ; and the attachment to youth and beauty might be inconveniently contrasted with the taste of the personage whom I resembled. I might possibly be accosted with all the endearments of aged dalliance, and obliged to discover the disguise by the repulse of age and ugliness.

Perhaps also I might be tempted to assume the habit of a pander to the vices of my prince, a gambler, a fox-hunter, and a drunkard, a daily liar, and the assiduous advocate of incontinence and adultery. With easy access to the highest circles of the nation, I might enable my patron to prove to the satisfaction of his dependants that he was a perfect cornuto. But the character of the individual to whom I allude is so generally understood, and so decidedly reprobated, that I am afraid lest the assumption of his garb and countenance might not counteract the very objects of my visit, and excite the distrust and contempt of all whom I may endeavour to delude and conciliate.

To many other disguises which have crossed my imagination, there are many obvious and important objections. As a marquis of notoriety I should soon be recognized by wearing horns ; as a certain favorite of princes, the epithet of *black-legs* would immediately betray my identity ; and to assume the whiskers *à la Y*———, would only expose their wearer to the contempt with which the original is regarded. In this dilemma, I had formed the



resolution of changing my sex, and by assuming the form, the manners, and the congenial habits of his female favorites to obtain a decided ascendancy in the cabinet of an exalted individual. But even the Devil is sometimes unable to contend with the jealousy and resentment of a virago; and when I began to contemplate the numerous phalanx of which my rivals would consist, I resolved to abandon this project, and was almost tempted to make my appearance in all the magnificence of a foreign baron, with my whiskers and death's heads, or as a last resource to present myself to the notice of the world in *propria persona*, when my intention was suddenly diverted to the character of a minister, whose temper, manners, habits, aspect, and moral principles, perfectly accord with my most enthusiastic wishes, and whose offences (strange to say) are sanctified by the applause of bishops, are peculiarly grateful to the feelings of the court, and are productive of a secure and enormous income!

At length, then, all these difficulties are removed, and I have resolved to assume a tangible shape beneath the garb and person of a celebrated gentleman, whose roundness of countenance, and fluency of speech, disguise the innate malignity of his heart. Conversant in the art of intrigue, animated by every sensual passion, a glutton and a wine-bibber, he is in official capacity the ostentatious guardian of public morals, the determined persecutor of venial indiscretion, a stern and vindictive advocate of oppression, and a decided enemy to every indication of patriotic or independent feeling. To gratify his private resentments, under the mask of judicial inflexibility, is, next to good eating, the great purpose of his life. While he reprobates with vehemence, and pursues with rigour, the peculations of less fortunate trespassers on the public purse, he himself receives in secret service money, and by clandestine practices, a princely income. Unaccustomed to pardon the offences, or compassionate

the punishment of others, he is himself a daily violator of the law, and his family have more than once been visited by its penalties. Yet with all his vices and his error, such is the power of eloquence, impudence, and the art of lying in the country, of which he is an exalted subject, that few individuals connected with the government are more gladly received at the palace, more respected in the council, or more generally caressed by the noble and fashionable classes of society. By the extent of his influence he has elevated one of his nearest relatives to the highest dignity of the church, and in consideration of his accommodating conduct and secret services during the progress of a certain investigation, has been promised a handsome rectory to his son-in-law, and a pension for himself. If any character be more dangerous than another to the morals, and the liberties of mankind, it is that of a cool calculating selfish being, who beneath the mask of judicial virtue, gratifies his malignant and sensual passions without suspicion. In that character, therefore, my dear T——D, I am about to appear, and as your own interest is concerned, I know you too well to suppose that you will betray me.

BEELZEBUB.

---

### THE FAREWELL.

---

LISBON ! farewell !

It is with joy methinks

I hasten from thy bigotry and stinks.

Ungrateful land, adieu !

Whate'er the change,

As o'er the world I range,

I ne'er can meet so mean, so vile a crew.

Thy Lusitanian coast  
A fertile soil can boast ;  
But that thy slothful nation,  
Neglect the prize—  
It barren lies,  
For want of industry and cultivation,  
Sacred religion is a trade ;  
Your laws you easily evade,  
As both are sold,  
For weight of gold,  
By bulls and absolution given ;  
The veriest thief,  
Can have relief,  
And murderers can purchase heaven.  
Tho' one might offer any sum for't,  
You've no convenience nor comfort ;  
And as for ease !  
Lice, bugs, and fleas ;  
With beastly stench of garlick and of oil,  
And things expos'd,  
Which should be closed,  
That makes fair decency recoil.  
To sum up all in this account,  
I thus increase the vile amount ;  
Thy men are curst  
With pride and lust ;  
Thy women fr—zy,  
Filthy, lousy ;  
All sunk in sin and vile abomination.  
Blow ! breezes, blow !  
Quick let me go ;  
I wou'd not leave my carcase in the nation.

*CAUSIDICUS.*

---

**MODERN POETS.**

---

**No. I.**

It has been the general complaint of the candidates for fame, who have flourished since the time of Johnson, that the fervor of original genius is equally repressed by



the terrors of malignant and of impartial criticism ; that the freedom of opinion, and the acuteness of intellect, exhibited in the writings of that celebrated man, have not only rendered a conformity to his decision on points of taste indispensable to the successful reception of the literary aspirant, but have communicated a tone of decision, and a weight of influence to the periodical reviews highly inimical to the interests of learning and of poetry. The mediocrity of Hayley was attributed to the congealing influence of the literary atmosphere in which he was bound to move ; and the sluggish monotony of his verse, was ascribed to that timidity, which, afraid of criticism, is content to abandon the highest praise in the hope of escaping the humblest censure.

The fallacy of these conclusions, so convenient to the sons of dullness and mediocrity, has been too strikingly exemplified in the splendid efforts of our celebrated contemporaries to leave us any reason to believe that criticism, under any form, can destroy the shoots, or repress the luxuriance of original genius. It is only the abortive graft, or the sapless trunk, that withers in the ardent sun, and shrinks before the invigorating breeze. The native flowers of Parnassus will flourish on their parent hill, amidst the ruins of empires and the storms of time ; but the deciduous productions that ignorance or presumption has transplanted to a sacred and uncongenial soil, no culture can improve, no skill invigorate.

The prejudices of the public mind, and the practice of our most celebrated poets, are equally inimical to the triumph of legitimate criticism. Extravagance in the vain pursuit of mere originality, is the character of our popular writers, and the chief attraction to the great majority of readers. The multitude of literary amateurs is too proud to be instructed, and they despise the investigations of those whom they are pleased to denominate metaphysical writers. According to them there is no utility in critical instructions, for every reader is able

to feel without them, and feeling is infallible. Yet if the omnipotence of enthusiasm be once admitted, it would be difficult to explain why one poet should have pre-eminence over another, or why a Grub-street ballad should not elevate its author to as high a degree of immortality as an epic poem. The war-song of an Indian chief excites an enthusiasm which it would be vain to expect from the most animated recitation of the odes of Pindar, or the elegies of Tyrtæus; Kien Long's address to tea is repeated by a Chinese peasant as a perfect example of poetical beauty; and the Oxford tragedy has excited tears more frequent than ever embalmed the memory of Werter, or bedewed the tomb of Juliet. A native of Greenland will breathe out his amorous emotions in strains to which an English lover would listen with disgust. Taste is not an abstract and independent quality of the mind, but a combination of the highest intellectual powers cultivated and invigorated by experience.

But if the authority of criticism be despised, the aberration of the public mind is only temporary; its principles have become familiar to the minds of men, and will ultimately remain triumphant over all the desultory violations of propriety, nature, and good sense. Thanks to the labours of Johnson, the freedom of critical speech is no longer doubted, and dullness, whether ancient or modern, is no longer protected from animadversion by the shadow of a name. The noblest masters of the art may be approached without irreverence. It is now too late for some pert enthusiast to come forward with his agonies of horror, and his extacies of admiration. The time is long since past in which the name of Milton would deprive a biographer of his reason or veracity. The world now converses of a poet as of another man, and the praise which he receives is more valuable and lasting, because it is (ultimately) the result of rational deliberation. A critic may at length be endured, though he does not believe every line of Shakespeare or Homer to be *divine* or glo-

rious, though he should venture to deny that the sound is always an echo to the sense, and should suppose it possible that a great genius may sometimes produce an inharmonious verse, or commit an unworthy action. Had the early friends, biographers, and critics of our English poets, been less indiscriminate in their praise, and less partial in their narratives, the task of Johnson would have been more easy and more popular.

That spirit of blind and outrageous eulogy which Mr. Mangin so ardently admires, and which he has so laboriously exemplified, has had no other influence than that of reducing our national biography and criticism to a mere collection of epitaphs which display every quality of poetry but its power of attraction.

Before the time of Johnson, the biography and criticism of our own nation were little more than a repetition of compliments and eulogies: every *verse-man* was divine, and every *prose-man* learned. His foibles were converted into virtues, and his greater iniquities totally concealed, or partially represented. A reader, who should estimate the moral or intellectual character of the literary worthies who flourished at the commencement of the 17th century, by these indiscriminating praises, would suppose them to have been exempted from every human failing, and to have attained the climax of literary excellence. At that period, the reputation of a wit was a sufficient apology for every extravagance of folly and licentiousness; and that indulgence, which was granted to themselves by their contemporaries, the critics of the times, were not unwilling to allow their predecessors. Literature was then the profession of a few: its members were personally and intimately acquainted with each other, and friendship and jealousy equally conspired to render their daily intercourse a scene of officious adulation, and reciprocal compliment. A poet was praised by his friend that he might prove his attachment, and by his rival that he might display his generosity. The petty war-



fare of the inferior retainers of literature, had no other effect than to unite their superiors in closer coalition, to provoke their friends to more exaggerated praise, and to give a vain or an ostentatious writer a plausible opportunity of mentioning himself. The press groaned beneath a perpetual load of complimentary epistles; commendatory stanzas were a necessary accompaniment of a poem that aspired at popularity; every statesman was a poet, and every country gentleman who could give a good dinner, and write a congratulatory epistle, a man of letters.

Even after the gradations of literary rank had been more impartially regulated, the same blindness of admiration for our established writers was equally observable. When criticism began to assume a manlier tone, the weight of its severity was chiefly felt by contemporary writers. Walsh was still learned, and Granville polite. Prior was a model of gentlemanly ease, and graceful vivacity. Of more celebrated men every error was a virtue, and every deformity a beauty. Lycidas was a model of unaffected tenderness and simplicity, and Smith's tragedy of *Phædra* and *Hyppolitus*, the noblest production of human genius.

Such was the state of English criticism and biography when Johnson first commenced his literary career, and though, in the course of a long life, he had, partly by his own exertions, and partly by the influence of his example, communicated to our criticism an energy and independence which it had not possessed before, yet he found in the decline of age, that much remained to be done towards exploding the collective fables and absurdities of a century. He was well acquainted with the difficulties of the task that he had undertaken, and he knew that to perform it with ultimate honor to himself, or advantage to the public, it would be necessary to risk the temporary displeasure of the partial and the prejudiced. He was willing to incur, or even to deserve the censure of unrelenting severity, rather than to suffer the authority

of a celebrated name, to give lustre to dullness, or dignity to vice. It was he who first taught us the fallacy of those sophisms by which preceding biographers had been accustomed to palliate the moral transgressions, or defend the literary characters of their heroes. To elicit the true character of a writer from his own representation of himself, or the encomiums of his friends, was a task, however invidious, which the acquiescence of the world in pictures so delusive had rendered necessary ; and we ought not to be angry, though we have some reason to be surprized, that the portrait appears less brilliant when deprived of its varnish. These observations are applicable to the sentiments of one of his opponents and traducers, who asserts, that the "*Lives of the Poets* came out at a time very inauspicious to the fate of languishing literature, when manly knowledge and taste were not much cultivated amongst us." If this be true, the criticisms of Johnson are the more to be admired for their spirit and independence ; if false (as we believe it to be,) it only evinces that Mr. Hayley reasons badly from uncertain data.

Our readers may collect from the preceding observations that rigid impartiality will be the leading characteristic of our strictures, and in making this declaration we are well aware that we voluntarily incur the charge of invidious severity. To evade that accusation, if we honestly discharge our critical duty, would be impossible. Neither insensible to the loftier feelings inspired by the productions of the highest genius, nor unaffected by the pathos of the less ambitious but more enchanting votaries of Apollo, it is, we are afraid, too evident, that to *speaking the truth* of the great majority of recent efforts in the department of poetry, is to mortify the vanity of their authors, and irritate their admirers. If the most eminent contemporary poets display considerable power, their faults and imperfections are still more prominent and observable. In proportion to the splendor of their excel-

lence it is necessary to analyze and display the blemishes by which their lustre is dimmed, and their value impoverished. We wish not to be severe, our only anxiety is to be just.

Were any apology required for the establishment of a critical investigation into the merits of contemporary poets, it might be deduced from the singular partiality to very moderate versifiers, of a literary journal, which first attracted the notice of the public by the combination of unexampled talent, with reprehensible severity. Within the last five years it has become the enthusiastic and indiscriminate eulogist of annual rhymesters, and quarto scribblers of blank verse. So powerful is the influence of their Scottish prepossessions that they gaze with delight on the affectation of Campbell, and prefer the desultory efforts of Scott and the Ettrick Shepherd, to the most sublime and beautiful productions of ancient and modern poetry. To correct this propensity so far as our opportunities and talents will permit; to conduct an unbiassed, a rigid, and an impartial scrutiny into the poetical pretensions of the candidates for immortality; and to deliver our opinion, rather than our sentence, on the merits of those contemporaries whose genius we acknowledge, while we regret their imperfections, is the object of the present series of essays, of which the remarks and the sentiments will always be open to the animadversions of intelligent correspondents.

H.

---

### THE CASE WITH BONAPARTE EXAMINED.

---

SIR,

THE writer of your Political Review last month seems to me to be a person of no ordinary talents, and therefore entitled to more attention than the common politi-



cal scribblers of the day: Though I differ, *toto colo*, from him in the general tone of his arguments, I hope I have sufficient candour to admit that he endeavours to support those arguments with considerable dexterity; and though I decidedly condemn the flippant irony against the allied sovereigns, as unworthy a pen which can write better, yet I can make some allowances for an advocate whose cause being radically feeble, must resort to extraneous helps for its support.

But, Sir, the occasion of my troubling you with this letter is, neither to complain of the complexion of the writer's sentiments, of the frivolity of his invectives, or the fallacy of his predictions with respect to Murat; but to expose, what I consider as remarkable inconsistencies in reasoning, and a no less remarkable perversion of judgment. Speaking of the war which is about to commence, and which probably before this is read by the public will be actually declared, he says, "The *legitimacy* of such a war might, like many other wars, be *very* questionable, but of its *impolicy* there cannot exist a doubt."

I confess I was a little surprised to find in a writer who so vehemently condemns what he regards as the political tergiversation and diplomatic insincerity of Lord Castlereagh, the admission of a principle, at least by implication, which, more than any other, tends to subvert the good faith of nations, and the general happiness of mankind. In the sentence above quoted he considers the legitimacy of a measure as separate from its policy. Surely no truth can be better established than this, that the wisest policy is always that which is the most just and honourable; and that empires, like individuals, never can find it good policy to enter upon a measure which will not endure the test of justice and honour. To be able to demonstrate that an undertaking is illegitimate, is at once to demonstrate that it is impolitic; and therefore, to be satisfied of the one, and to doubt about the other, is a proof either of a weak or corrupt mind,

neither of which I conceive to belong to the writer in question, and hence I can only conclude, that such a distinction must have accidentally dropped from his pen. No doctrine could be more monstrous in itself, or more injurious to the welfare of society, than that which is here implied; and though a shallow or depraved minister might attempt (as we have heretofore witnessed) to confound the two principles for the sake of some petty present advantage, every enlightened and philosophical statesman must indignantly reprobate such a proceeding.

I am aware, however, that the writer, when he penned that sentence, meant it only as the prelude to those more explicit sentiments which he afterwards avows, and in fairness, therefore, I am bound to interpret it according to his intention. The great object which he labours to accomplish, is to prove that we have no more right to interfere with the internal condition of France, and the character of her ruler, than France, or any other nation had to interfere with us when we rejected a *Stuart*, and called in William III. This is the favourite, I had almost said, it is the solitary argument of those who advocate the cause of Buonaparte, and, therefore, deserves to be examined with a little attention.

In the first place, the allies do not say by whom France *shall* be governed; they only declare that she *shall not* be governed by Buonaparte. But is not this the same thing, cry the Napoleonists? Certainly not—It is not the same thing, to tell a man you may have this gold, or that diamond ring, but you shall not have the copper one; it is not the same thing to say to a daughter, you may have whom you like for a husband, except Mr. —; nor is it the same thing for a bankrupt to tell his creditors, you may know how I have disposed of this twenty pounds, and this fifteen, but of that thirty thousand I will not inform you at all. He who can discover an exact similitude in these cases, must have some peculiar faculty of ratiocination, which certainly does not belong

to mankind in general. If the allies had said to France, we decree that you shall have no other sovereign than a Bourbon, and we will league ourselves together to force upon you that dynasty, then I should be as ready as the most determined supporter of Buonaparte, to protest against such a principle, and most fervently I should hope that the attempt to carry it into execution would be defeated with every possible mark of disgrace, humiliation, and infamy. Nor am I disposed to deny, that if there were not some personal considerations which inevitably attach to the character of Buonaparte, especially in his present condition, it would be an unjustifiable aggression, on the part of the allied sovereigns, to say to France, you shall not have Buonaparte for your ruler; because, unless there does exist some such personal considerations as those which I shall presently allude to, or something in the frame and constitution of a government essentially hostile to the safety of surrounding states, I hold it as a sacred right, possessed by every independent nation, to regulate its own concerns uninfluenced by foreign controul. But how does the case stand with regard to Buonaparte?

Buonaparte concluded a treaty with the allied sovereigns, by virtue of which he solemnly abdicated and renounced the throne of France for himself and his successors, and consented to retire to the island of Elba, there to receive a certain yearly stipend. This was altogether a personal contract between Buonaparte and the sovereigns with whom he negotiated it; and from that contract he could be released only by the consent of the parties originally acceding to it. Supposing it to be perfectly true, as has been alleged, that the conditions of the contract were not punctually fulfilled by Louis XVIII. who was *no party to it*, nor ever bound himself formally to abide by it, that would be no justification of its violation by Buonaparte; for, assuming that to have been the case, the appeal of Buonaparte should have been made to those with whom he contract-



ed the engagements, and who were pledged to see those engagements performed. If they also distinctly refused to abide by their own engagements, then, indeed, Buonaparte would have been warranted in seeking redress by any means in his power: but till such an appeal was made, and such a refusal returned, he remained in the same condition towards the contracting parties as at the time of entering into the treaty. The moment, therefore, he landed in France, he became the first and the substantial violator of that treaty, and as such liable to whatever penalties might fairly be considered as annexed to a violation of it. In this view of the case, it resolves itself simply into a question of agreement between him and the allied sovereigns, and whether the latter, being thus grossly deluded and cajoled, possessed any right to seek for reparation. Now who will be bold enough to deny this right? Who will venture to maintain the doctrine, that because they are sovereigns, they are disfranchised of those privileges which by the laws of nations, and the municipal law of every civilized state, belong to all persons? The expediency of enforcing the right is another question, and must depend upon other causes and circumstances. I am only contending at present for the abstract principle, and I apprehend no man who does not wish to be thought insane will dare to avow that the civil claims which grow out of a solemn contract, are not as necessarily vested in a monarch as in a subject. He who would maintain this doctrine, must shew that there is something in royalty which cuts off the possessor of it from the common benefits of social life, or, that kings are beings of such unearthly composition that they have none of the ordinary attributes of our nature belonging to them. When this shall be satisfactorily done, I may then perhaps begin to doubt the *legitimacy* of a present war against Buonaparte, but till it is done, I think I am justified in resting upon the preceding argument as an irrefragable proof of the abstract justice of the case.

I have thus far argued the subject as a question of abstract political science, as a civilian might be expected to reason upon a supposititious case, or an historian to determine upon one of past ages; and I think I have shown, that as a mere question of right, the right to attack Buonaparte is incontrovertibly possessed by the allies. It does not follow, however, that because the right is clear, the expediency of exerting it is equally so; and still less does it follow that the power to assert a right is necessarily co-existent with it. With regard to the power, in the present instance, it is obvious, there can be no other power than the sword. It is not one of those offences which, under actual circumstances, can be determined by any civil appeal. There is no competent tribunal before which Buonaparte can be cited at the instance of the allied sovereigns, and therefore, no redress can be had but by the injured parties seeking it in their own persons. Hence, if the crime of Buonaparte deserves punishment at all, he can only be punished through the instrumentality of war; and a war for that purpose becomes a legitimate war so far as its object is considered. Now let us inquire a little into the policy of such a war; I might add the necessity, for necessity is only a superior ground of policy. But I must first observe another circumstance in the return of Buonaparte, which remarkably discriminates his case from that of William III. He was not called to France by the voice of the people. His most determined adherents must allow this. Even supposing there were now manifest proofs of the popular delight at his resumption of the imperial authority, which I apprehend no one will affirm, still it must be confessed that his re-appearance in France was a secret and unexpected enterprize; he was not invited back by any of the constituted authorities of the state; nor was the reigning monarch formally deposed to make way for him. He presented himself at the head of a few followers: the military rushed to his standard; and, by their aid, he marched to Paris. He cannot, therefore, neither can his

defenders, plead in defence of his violating the treaty of Fontainebleau, that a nation unanimously invited him from his exile, and that, in obedience to its call, he had re-appeared in France. I must own, that if he could have backed his cause with such a ground of action, I should have doubted the legitimacy of a war against him, and still more I should have doubted its policy.

It happens, however, that the question is stripped of all these accidental qualities which might embarrass its determination; and we have only to discuss it upon broad, general, and universal principles. I assume it as a position, which no reasonable man will deny, that every state has a right to adopt such measures consistent with integrity and good faith, as may be necessary for its own safety and welfare; and an extension of this axiom to various nations, provides us with the legitimate ground of all coalitions and confederacies. The object of such confederacies is, or ought to be, the attainment of some common good essential to the security and well being of all. Where this object can be obtained by amicable negotiation, war should never be resorted to; but when it cannot, nothing remains but that *ultima ratio regum*, which, in all ages, has formed the bulwark of the weak against the strong and ambitious. To deny this general right possessed by independent nations, would be to affirm that the strongest must always prevail, and that to combine against a potent tyrant, in order to curb or destroy his sway, is an infringement upon his rights and independence. Public law is here, as in many other respects, only the echo of reason, upon which all municipal regulations are founded. It is the same, in spirit, whether many nations unite to beat down one that disturbs their repose, and threatens their existence, or whether many individuals combine to resist the unjust pretensions of some country squire, or village magistrate. Both are founded upon the same common axiom, that, what constitutes the good of the whole, must give way to the imaginary, or real good of the few.



I can hardly believe that it was necessary to insist so long upon the right possessed by a nation to seek its own welfare, even in the destruction of another, if no other possible alternative exists, or in the destruction of any system or person whose ascendancy is demonstrably incompatible with its safety and prosperity. But I have heard so much of wilful perversion, and so much of helpless ignorance, even on this point of the question, that I felt it to be the wiser course to establish my ground step by step as I proceeded.

The next topic, as resulting from this stage of the argument, is, whether Buonaparte, or his system be, either of them, evils of which Europe ought to dread the recurrence. It has, I know, been asked by the advocates of the man, and who do not pretend to deny the fatal character of his former policy and conduct, Is Buonaparte to be the only person in the world who cannot benefit from experience? Suppose I grant the negative of this question, may I not also be permitted to ask, Are the allied sovereigns, and is Europe, to be denied the benefit of experience? Are we, after an experience of fifteen years, to wipe out the whole recollection, to commence a new account with Buonaparte, and credulously believe, that nine months exile has changed the man because it has changed the circumstances in which he finds himself? What benefit should we reap from our experience, compared with that Buonaparte would reap from his? We should reap the benefit of knowing ourselves to be fools, and paying the penalty of our folly; while Buonaparte would reap the benefit of successfully deluding the world once more until he was again prepared to burst upon it with accumulated evils. It certainly is not the character of wisdom to trust in possibilities against the evidence of facts; and here we have a multitude of powerful facts, all pronouncing condemnation, against which is to be opposed the soothing contingency of a miracle. It will not be necessary for me to describe what has

been the conduct and policy of Buonaparte. They must be fresh in the recollection of all your readers; and it will be enough for my purpose to expatiate a little upon their nature and tendency. Before his abdication he never disguised his plan of universal conquest; but if there ever existed a doubt of it, we have his distinct avowal since his return; in which he professes to renounce all those ideas of extended dominion, and asserts that he had only laid the basis of the grand superstructure which he meditated. That superstructure would have embraced, in its undefined limits, every nation of Europe, which would have been organized into one general system of military oppression. France would have been the arbiter of the world, and the other sovereigns only vassals of the Grand Nation. From the Tagus to the Volga, her power would have been felt, her policy extended, her laws imposed, and her manners gradually insinuated. She would have been the centre to which every political movement must have tended. And this state of general subjugation would have terminated at last by reducing the whole continent to a condition of servitude not only deplorable in its immediate character, but still more so in its ultimate consequences.

Supposing, however, that Buonaparte had failed in accomplishing this scheme of universal dominion, the disposition and incessant efforts to accomplish it would still have subsisted, and could have been counteracted only by the constant vigilance of the surrounding states, exerted by the regular maintenance of large military masses, ready to act upon the first emergency, or to repel the first aggression. Let any philosopher, or statesman, reflect, but for a moment, upon the evils which must inevitably result from such a condition of society, and the question will be at once decided whether it is expedient to arm for their prevention. Europe would be transformed into a series of military states; the profession of arms would soon become the only profession

that conducted to honour, emolument, or dignity ; wars would incessantly arise, from the state of preparation for them in which every kingdom would find itself ; the arts of peace would be insensibly banished ; science and literature would decline ; and the lapse of half a century would be sufficient to convert the continent into one vast camp, and its population into a tumultuous, illiterate, brutal, and tyrannical soldiery.

These, I apprehend, would be among the consequences attendant upon the renewal of that system which is identified with the very existence of Buonaparte as the ruler of France. It is the height of absurdity to suppose, that whatever may be the pacific character of his present profession, he either would, or could continue to maintain that character. Why have the military of France exulted in his return ? Not because they will be enabled to enjoy the leisure and repose of peace, for they possessed that in its fullest manner under Louis XVIII. No. They rejoiced in the re-appearance of their leader, because in him they saw the chief that had often led them to victory and plunder, and who would do so again ; because they saw in him the man who would sustain in France the ascendancy of the military character, and place it above the social and unwarlike pursuit of the citizen and artisan ; because they expected from him the renewal of those scenes which had shed upon the French arms a terrible and awful renown. If Buonaparte were disposed to maintain the relations of peace with all the world, and all the world were willing to recognise him, and if he were, in consequence, to disband his troops, I am persuaded that those very soldiers, in the bitterness of their disappointment, would be the instruments of his downfall and annihilation. With him, therefore, must be associated the renewal of that system from which Europe has so recently been delivered ; and as that system is confessedly hostile to the general repose, safety, and independence of Europe, a just ground of hostilities arises from the system



itself, even if there were none of those personal circumstances with respect to Buonaparte himself, to which I have alluded in the commencement of this letter. A war with Buonaparte is consequently both legitimate and expedient.

Now in what respect is the present situation of Buonaparte similar to that of William III. when called to the throne of these realms? The character of Buonaparte, as evinced by the past, I need not insist upon. The character of William was distinguished for every quality which could win confidence and secure it. He stood deservedly high in the estimation of Europe. He was, besides, connected by near ties of blood with the abdicated family of the Stuarts. He was the nephew of James II. He was invited to the crown by the constituted authorities of the kingdom, and he accepted it in the full plenitude of a reputation which calumny itself had not ventured to blacken. He had violated no treaty with any sovereign or sovereigns. He had pursued no plans of extensive ambition. He did not *return* to the throne of England after having formally and solemnly renounced, and in direct contravention of that renunciation. He was not the founder of a system which experience had proved to be fatal to the liberties of Europe, and which might be expected to revive with him; neither was England, either by her position, her policy, or her resources, a country so formidable to the Continent as to make it an object of vital importance who ruled over her. None of these circumstances belonged to him. On the contrary, he had signalised himself in asserting the liberties of mankind, and protecting the weak against the strong. To the rest of Europe, he was neither odious nor formidable; and to England he was an object of hope, as the instrument which rescued her from civil oppression and religious persecution. Let the advocates of Buonaparte trace an exact similitude between any one part of Buonaparte's present condition, and that of William III., and I will consent

that they have established a precedent which ought to have some weight; but till then, I reject, as the artifice of fraud, or the dull error of ignorance, any appeal to that period of our history in confirmation of the rights of Buonaparte.

I remain, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

May 22d, 1815.

M. W.

---

MEDICAL ESTABLISHMENT OF THE  
EAST INDIA COMPANY.

---

SIR,

PERMIT me to call the attention of your benevolent and professional readers to an institution which deserves the imitation of every town and province in the kingdom, and which promises, in all its ultimate effects, to arrest the progress of disease, and alleviate the miseries of the infirm and diseased poor. I allude to the establishment beneath the auspices of the East India Company, of a medical fund, which is open to the subscription of about three thousand of their labourers, &c. who, by subscribing *three pence per week* individually, are entitled to advice and medicines in case of sickness, and to an allowance of ten shillings and six pence per week, after obtaining the medical superintendant's certificate of indisposition. Were similar establishments adopted in other parts of the country, and among extensive bodies of men, as the potters of Staffordshire, and the pitmen of Northumberland, the benefit to themselves and to society would fully reward the exertions of their promoters.

The chief objection to an institution of this kind is the difficulty of selecting a medical licentiate, at the same time competent to the arduous nature of his office, and willing to perform its duties. In this respect I am happy

to observe, that the Directors of the East India Company have been peculiarly fortunate. On the surgical skill of Mr. SPRY, of Charterhouse-square, no eulogium can be necessary; but of his benevolence and humanity, his unremitted attention to the afflicted individuals who are placed beneath his care, and the combination of manly firmness, with friendly tenderness, which at once secure the confidence and the gratitude of the patient, those alone can form a competent idea who have witnessed the progress and result of his labours. Hoping that the preceding observations may meet the view of those individuals on whom Providence has conferred the power of originating and promoting similar plans of relief to suffering humanity, I remain, Sir,

Very respectfully,

AN ELDER OF THE WESTERN DISTRICT.

May 25, 1815.

---

### THE PLAYFUL PHILOSOPHER.—No. I.

---

MR. EDITOR,

I have seen much of men and things, in different countries; and have not been an inattentive observer—human nature has been particularly my study; and whenever I have met with any trait of character or circumstance worth notice, I have been in the habit of noting it down. A few extracts from my journal, communicated monthly, if convenience permit, may not prove unacceptable to your readers.

W.

#### NOTION OF BOOKS AND LARNING.

THE tradesman who keeps the house in which I lodge, has an excellent capacity, but little or no education; yet reads with avidity any book that falls in his way, whenever he can snatch an opportunity from his busi-



ness. Nature seems to have intended him for a different sphere, which is continually shewing itself.

As he often borrowed books from me, I one day observed to his wife, in his absence, that I wondered he had not a few books of his own. "Oh, confound all reading," says she, "what is it good for I should like to know?—will it teach any body how to get a living, or make money?—that's what we wants—it provokes me whenever I sees my husband sich a fool as to throw away his time a reading—more need be taking care o'th' main chance. Confound it, I'll burn every book I can lay my hands upon in the house—I wish there was'nt sich a thing in the world—and whenever I catches him at it I always scoulds him till I makes him leave off. Now don't, Sir, go to lend him any book, pray don't; if sich gentlemen as you likes to take up your time, and bother your brains with such nonsense, you shou'dn't go to lead my husband astray—it's really shameful!"

My landlord, who is in good circumstances, feeling the want of education himself, is giving his eldest boy, comparatively, a very good one at a neighbouring school;—this greatly alarms his wife—she once said to me, "I wish, Sir, you could persuade my husband to take Jack away from school—he's almost fourteen, and it's time to bind him to some good business, instead of stuffing his head with a parcel of larning—he's doing that boy a deal of harm. I never knew your larned folks come to much good; they hardly ever gets on in the world, and are almost always poor—their brains goes a wool-gathering. Its said as how 'Larning is better than house and land;'—Good Lord, what a lie!"

Alas! there are but too many lamentable instances of her being in the right—how often do we find the plodding man of business thriving better, than others, by their learning and genius—the dealers in blubber and train oil, than those who deal in the less profitable articles of wit or philosophy!

A CERTAIN AGE.

A *certain* age, as it is significantly called, is a critical time with the ladies in particular:—to be growing an old man is bad—but an old woman still worse.

THE GRAND SECRET DISCOVERED.

One of those evergreen *Misses*, who had stuck at six and thirty for the last quarter of a century, very inadvertently happened to boast in a party that she had danced with three royal princes at the Southampton ball-rooms: a shrewd old dowager, in company, enquired, “who they could be?”—“Why,” says the other, quite off her guard, letting her vanity get the better of her prudence—“they were his Royal Highness the late Duke of York, his Royal Highness the late-Duke of Cumberland, and his Royal Highness the late Duke of Gloucester.”—The old lady immediately observed, that the first of those princes died in the year of our Lord so and so—“let me see,” says she, with calculating brow, “that’s two and forty years ago—Now suppose, Miss, you were only sixteen at the time—you could not have well danced in a public room before that age you know—most likely you must have been more—but only let us put it at sixteen—Why, bless my soul, that makes you a matter of eight and fifty years of age, *Miss*!—La! la! who would have thought it!—though rouge, and all that, does make a vast difference to be sure!”—She had committed herself, and could not retract.

ANECDOTE OF THE LATE DUKE OF YORK.

Speaking of the late Duke of York, brings to my recollection an anecdote related of him at Southampton, not generally known beyond that place, which he much frequented. I shall here mention it.

The late Rev. J. S. who resided near that town, had a handsome daughter, which attracted the notice of his royal highness, of amorous memory, who, *sans ceremonie*, intimated to Mr. S. his intention of breakfasting with him on such a morning. He accordingly went, and

was received with all due respect and hospitality. Towards the end of the repast, the duke's phaeton drove up to the door, on which he expatiated on the great benefits of air and exercise, and concluded by offering to take Miss Harriott an airing with him. The old gentleman, in reply, perfectly agreed with his royal highness on the advantages of air and exercise; and therefore, says he, my daughter makes good use of her legs, and has no occasion for a carriage: but since your royal highness is so condescending, her old mother there, who is lame and infirm, will gladly avail herself of it, to whom it will be a real service.

His royal highness, however chagrined, could not possibly object; and so was obliged to take the old dame instead of the blooming daughter; but never *honored* Mr. S— with another visit!

#### OLD GIRLS.

Making a morning call on an old lady turned seventy, I found her two unmarried daughters present, who had walked without leading strings forty good years at least. During my stay a servant entered and delivered a note to the mother, who, on reading it, informed the spinsters that it contained an invitation for herself from Mrs. so and so, to a party—one of them immediately said, “but, pray mamma, ar’n’t we *girls* to go too?” Hem! thinks I—*Old girls* indeed! “No, my sweet babes,” says their mamma, “you must stay at home;” “la, mamma,” replied these infants, “you old folks never think we young ones require any recreation; you should consider, mamma, you was young once yourself.” Yes, thinks I—so were you too *once*, but that’s some time ago, my old girls!

#### TITLES.

How awe-struck are some folks by the sound of a title! If they find themselves in company with a my lord, or Sir John, they treat them as a superior order of beings; without ascertaining, whether they possess any other merit; as many pay the greatest deference to a



rich man, without the most distant prospect of being benefited by his property. Whilst this is the case, no wonder titles are so much coveted, especially by those who could not otherwise distinguish themselves.

The Americans call them artificial honor, and say we are like overgrown children playing at greatness, and are astonished they can pass current among *men*, especially indiscriminately conferred as they are; that a great and good man's character will always sufficiently distinguish him by his talents and virtues, the only real nobility; and that knaves and fools ought not to be thus artificially dignified; so that even were titles always conferred on merit alone, they are not necessary. Hereditary title in particular, they object to, inasmuch, as though the first man may deserve and support its dignity, you cannot answer for his descendants; but they think it will finally defeat its own purpose, for by multiplying irrevocable, i. e. hereditary titles, at the rate we are increasing them, they will become so common as to cease being even artificially honorable.

But as I view human nature as it really is, and not perhaps as it ought to be, and knowing that the greater part of mankind are but children of a larger growth, led by a few shrewder heads than themselves, so I do not wonder that the foolish many are pleased with such baubles, the only means by which they are ever likely to obtain distinction; or that the more knowing few should render them subservient at so cheap a rate. However, I think, one order at least should be reserved for merit alone, and that only for the life of him who deserved it, and even our order of the garter, which I believe is considered the most select, does not exactly answer that description.\*

---

\* It is surprising that sovereigns for their own sakes have not refrained from creating hereditary nobility; not only would titles then have been more sought after by being less common; and the sovereign left unsaddled with the accumulated obliga-

## A TRAVELLING TITLE.

An English gentleman visited the Continent—in France he was often addressed as *My Lord Anglais*, but his modesty always led him to set them right in that respect by assuring them that he had no title in his own country, but was simply a private gentleman: still from the natural urbanity of the people, and as he spent his money freely, they treated him with respectful attention; but he found a woeful difference when he passed into Germany. Wherever he went the first thing they were inquisitive about was his rank and title, and when he honestly informed them he bore none he was treated with neglect. At length he was determined to supply the defect, and pass for somebody of consequence: in considering what he should dub himself, or what pretensions he might have to a title, he recollected he had a vote in Westminster. Accordingly, the next town he came to, he gave himself out as "*Elector of Westminster*,"—putting it on his cards, &c. "God bless us!" cried every one, "*The Elector of Westminster* is arrived! a person of consequence indeed! We have all heard of Westminster, as large a city as London itself; he must be as great a personage as our Elector of Treves, Cologne, &c." He was treated with the highest respect, took precedence, &c., and they even wished to place a guard of honor at his door!

## BARONETS.

A lady shopping in her carriage, which had drawn up to the foot pavement for that purpose, happened to spit

---

tions of his predecessors; but all the descendants of titled persons, as well as others, would have been still kept dependent on the crown, for such honors themselves. As for the policy of preserving an hereditary nobility, to rally round the crown, that history shews to be very questionable. And even an hereditary aristocracy might be preserved in its most essential points for that purpose, by entailing the estate without the title.

out of the chariot window (a very unlady-like trick certainly;) it fell on a gentleman passing by at the time, who seeing from whence it proceeded, flew up to the coach door, and in great rage expostulated with the lady, who made very ample apologies for the unintentional offence. Still he was very little pacified, and in order to place the enormity of her transgression in a stronger light, he told her he was no less than a *Baronet*! "Why, sir," says the lady, "my apologies were certainly due to you as a gentleman, or even had you been the poorest beggar. As for your being a *Baronet*, I do not see that enhances the fault, or is any ways surprising, for since they have become so very numerous, it is nearly an equal chance if one happens to spit out of a window where people are passing promiscuously by, it will light on a *Baronet* as likely as a *Commoner*!"

SIR ALEXANDER GRANT.

The late Sir Alexander Grant, who commenced his career without a guinea, but afterwards acquired a large fortune, and got himself created a Baronet, was the character in real life from which Macklin drew his *Sir Archy Mac Sarcasm*, in *Love a la Mode*. Some of Sir Alexander's waggish acquaintances decoyed him to the theatre the third night of its representation. He never having heard of the piece or the character, where they enjoyed his astonishment and indignation, at beholding on the stage a fac-simile of himself, not only in character, manners, accent, &c. but even his very costume had been preserved; which was distinguishable enough, for he had a very singular mode of dressing. There was *Sir Archy* on the stage, and *Sir Alexander* in front of the stage-box. In those days it was the custom at the theatres to employ men to go round the house before the curtain, to snuff the candles between acts; one of these candle-snuffers entered Sir Alexander's box for that purpose. The baronet immediately accosted him in a loud voice and broad Scotch, overheard by most of the audience, who



also pretty generally knew him. "Hark ye, sirrah, Aisk ye're maister, an he caws this wit? for my pairt d'yeken, I think he demonstrates himsel to be a verra grat fool, and a scoondrel to boot, by sic scaundaloos reebaldry eke I'mo'th'opeenion that his grashous maajeesty ought to oder the vaagaboond into the stakes or the peclary for tacking sic a leeberity we 'his illoostrous nobeelity." The house was convulsed with laughter.

Sir Alexander once knocked at the door of a house, where he had some business—the servant who opened it, not knowing him, asked him what name he should announce to his master—the other replied "*Grant.*"—The servant invited him in, and said he would inform his master that Mr. Grant wanted to see him. Sir Alexander, in great rage, exclaimed "Maister Grant! Maister Grant!—nay Maister me, sirruh! Sare Alaxander Grant, *Baronat*, sare!—*Baronat* sare!—an ye Maister me again, I'll pull ye be th' luggs, you dasraspectfool scoundrel, I weel!"

#### AN OLD BARONET.

Lady H-ghes, the wife of Admiral Sir Richard, well known among her acquaintance for her wit and shrewdness, was thus sneeringly complimented, by another Baronet's lady of longer standing, on her husband having been created a Baronet:—"I give your ladyship joy on your title—it's something to be sure—but what a pity it is his Majesty could not make Sir Richard an *old* Baronet!"

The other, who did not chuse to understand her, replied, "Oh pretty well for that, thank ye, my lady; Sir Richard is sixty-four, and that's a Baronet *old* enough of all conscience!"

#### ANTICIPATION.

Mrs. W—— of Southampton, was lately terribly baulked. Her husband was sheriff of the county at the time, likewise an alderman, and had been mayor of S——. The town and county thought proper to send up an address

to the throne, of a congratulatory nature. And it was supposed that the person who presented it would receive the honor of knighthood.—Much manœuvring took place among the worshipful corporation which of its members should be the lucky man to carry up the address;—but though many wished for the *bonne* fortune, each for himself, yet as it could only be the happy lot of one, they at length appointed Mr. W.—Mrs. W. his wife, was delighted beyond measure, at her approaching title; and many of her numerous acquaintances, thinking it would gratify her, actually began to address her as my lady, on all occasions whilst the matter was pending, which she admitted, “nothing loth,” saying, that as it was so shortly to take place, she did not see why she might not assume it at once. Some delay occurred before the address could be presented, during which she enjoyed the title *a priori*. At length it was presented, and received most graciously; but alas! no knighthood conferred; and the expected Sir Andrew, poor man, came down only plain “Mister” as he went up!—However his wife has been nick-named my lady ever since.

AN IN-DOOR LORD; OR MY LORD AND MY LADY.

I know a widow whose husband had been a Welsh judge, who always insisted on being styled my lady, for, says she, my husband, the judge, was always called my lord in court;—and if *in*, why not *out* of court, I should like to know; for the lawyers would never have called him my lord, if it had not been according to law. Now as he was my lord, surely I must be my lady!

N. B. A hint for my lord bishop's ladies.

AN ESQUIRE.

A clerk, and sometimes shopman to a grocer in the country, requested that whenever I had occasion to write to him, I would always be sure to put “Esquire” after his name on the address; “for,” says he, “it looks respectable, and gives one consequence ye know; besides I really

am entitled to it, for I was once sergeant in a corps of loyal volunteers!"

N. B. As the men have contrived a method to designate themselves as *gentlemen*, by tacking esquire to their names, so I have often marvelled exceedingly that the other sex, who are supposed at least to be as fond of distinction, should not have hit upon some expedient to answer the same purpose for themselves; it is really lamentable, that if you have to address a letter, &c. to a lady of the first fortune or fashion, unless she be a *titled* lady, you can only direct to plain Mrs. so and so, as you would to a washerwoman: whilst to their husbands, brothers, &c. you can write *Esquire*. *Miss*, indeed, is some approach towards ladyhood, but that one can only use to spinsters. *Esquire-ess*, I am afraid, would not be admitted for the feminine gender, though they have as much to do with the profession of arms, as many of the masculine who assume the title of esquire; but suppose untitled ladies were to be addressed *Madam* so and so, instead of plain Mistress, it might be equivalent to esquire for the gentlemen. I suggest this idea, and expect vast eclat with the ladies for my ingenuity!

I have also contemplated another crying grievance, which illustrious knights, baronets, and their ladies, are exposed to, namely, that it is customary in writing their signatures only for them to put simply their christian and surnames—the consequence often is, that if their correspondents, &c. are not otherwise acquainted with their rank, they address them as plain Mister John, or Thomas so and so, or, at most, esquire, and their lady dames, Mrs. Margery, or Deborah so and so. Oh shocking!—and I have known several ladies and gentlemen in this cruel predicament, bemoan it most piteously! but really messieurs and mesdames, the remedy is in your own hands, or I should sympathize with you amazingly. If only a few among ye (and plenty would soon follow) would summon up as much courage, as ye possess inclination, to break through the odious custom,



by religiously observing never to sign your names without your titles, as some knights of the Bath, &c. very sensibly mount their star and ribbon over their great coats that all the world may be aware of their consequence.

**THE KING NO GENTLEMAN; OR, SCOTCH LOYALTY.**

During the revolutionary war in America a Scotch soldier was placed centinel over some Americans, taken prisoners. In the zeal of his loyalty, he expostulated with one of them, and asked him, "how he could rabbal agan his lowful sovereign;"—the other replied, wishing to conciliate him, "to be sure, I must say, I enjoyed many happy days under the late king, his father George the Second, and so I have under the present *gentleman*, who, I believe, is a very good sort of a man."—The soldier furiously exclaimed, "An ye dare to dagrawde his Majosty, by cawing him a gentlemon, or a mon agau; I'll weep my bayonot through your wizzard, you lavalling rabbal, i.e. (levelling rebel) "I weel!"

Like the *officer* who was offended at being called a soldier; so this Scotchman thought it derogatory to the king to be called a gentleman.

**ARTIFICIAL CONSEQUENCE.**

How many folks who now give themselves airs, and owe their consequence in life to their title, fortune, office, connections, &c. without any real merit of their own, if stript of them, and left to their own intrinsic worth to find their proper level, would be reduced to a very low scale in society, which they could never emerge from by their virtue or talents, because they possess them not, though they now turn up their nose at those who have no other resource for support or respect.

I knew a gentleman (I suppose I must call him, because he was rich) succeeding to a good fortune at the death of his father, which happened during the son's minority, with a shallow capacity, little or no education,

and bad propensities ; he was a most profligate, conceited, supercilious fellow—yet, living in style, he was received in the first circles. By gaming, and other courses, he soon ran through his property, and was reduced literally to his last shilling. I heard nothing of him for many years, but have lately discovered his present situation.

Stepping into an hackney-coach on the Strand the waterman held out his hat for the customary penny, which I threw into it ; he then said, “ Ah, your honour ought to give me a shilling to drink your honour’s health, for we’ve crackt many a bottle together formerly.” This, from such a person, surprized me. I attentively looked at him, and saw a fiery, bloated, carbuncled countenance, expressive of vice, vulgarity, and intemperance—his person corresponded—cloathed in a dirty ragged coat, a piece of coarse canvass bound round his waist with a rope, by way of an apron, and hay-bands round his legs. I told him I did not recollect him : says he, “ don’t you remember Tom R—— ? ” “ Good God,” says I, “ Is it possible you can be he ? ” He soon convinced me that he was the very identical person ;—“ and are you reduced to be waterman to a stand of hackney-coaches ? could you do nothing better ? ”—“ I tried my hands at many things, but could make nothing of it.”—“ But have you no friends left to help you among all your former dashing acquaintance ? ”—“ No, as soon as I was dishd, they cut me.” After further conversation, he repeated his abject request, that my honour would give him a shilling to drink for old acquaintance sake, which I did, and drove off, secretly intending to make further inquiries respecting him. I began with the coachman who drove me, and found the account he gave me confirmed by others who thoroughly knew him, by which I learned, that he had been in various employments, any of which, one would have thought almost any man might have been equal to ; but continually dismissed for want of integrity,

capacity, industry, &c. he had been several times in the house of correction, and three years on board the hulks. Nay, said the coachman, he is too bad, even for a waterman, nor would we employ him on the stand, but he has married a washerwoman, the widow of a brother whip, and we do it for her sake alone. I should be very sorry to stop any good gentleman from helping a poor man, but I'm sure it will be thrown away upon him, he will only be drunk whilst it lasts.

I recommend this account of Tom R——'s career to the consideration of those who rest on their artificial consequence alone: it may tend, at least, to render them less supercilious to those who have to make their way by their merit only.

---

### POLITICAL REVIEW.

---

It is said, whether truly or otherwise, is not our present purpose to examine, "that every age grows wiser;" but we no where recollect to have seen it affirmed that they grow better—and every day almost produces something further in elucidation of what that humourist, my Lord Castlereagh, "calls *the moderation and good faith of the allies*." Now, it so happens, these are qualities we have always been taught to practice and hold in reverence. But contemplating the passing occurrences, we had begun to doubt whether or not we had taken a correct view of their true import; for this purpose we began to refer to authority. We found Dryden calls GOOD FAITH, "honour and social confidence." Shakspeare designates it "fulfilment of promises; honesty in dealing; sincerity in action, and truth." Milton describes it "an unshaken adherence to our word; fidelity to engagements."—MODERATION, we found to be "a forbearance to do wrong:" and Bishop Atterbury, bishop-like, denominates it "a



contentedness with somewhat less than we might be able to get by violence." But experience has convinced us, that all these sages were somewhat mistaken in their definitions; and it is evident they had never been initiated in the dictionaries of ministers and diplomatists, or the more ample lexicon of emperors and kings. Falstaff, indeed, gives us a little clearer idea of these things, and more approximates to the modern illustration.

An Austrian rescript of the 14th ult. annexes "Lombardy and Venice in their whole extent, together with a part of the territory of Mantua, the province of the Valletine, the countries of Chiavenna and Bormio to the imperial Austrian dominions for ever." Thus, by a flourish of the pen, are two or three independent states submitted to a foreign yoke, and the good people of Venice, and the inhabitants of the fertile plains of Piedmont, without regard to their feelings, consideration for their habits, or respect to their independence, made an integral portion of the hereditary dominions of the house of Austria. "Bravo, my good Francis," as Shylock says, "this is the way to thrive, and thrift is a blessing if men steal it not." Could Buonaparte himself, in the plenitude of his power and ambition, have done more? And yet the gentle Francis, in the Austrian declaration against Marshal Murat, the King of Naples, says, that "moderation and good faith are words without meaning in the eyes of the princes of the new French dynasty." Might it not be a question what meaning they possess with the princes of the old dynasty of the House of Hapsburgh? Were we permitted to form a judgment by reference to facts, we should be inclined to say, though perhaps erroneously, moderation meant the annexation of as much territory as could be conveniently brought within their grasp, and good faith the professing a few months anterior to the act not to have any such intention! Somewhat more than a twelvemonth back we had the declaration of the allies previous to their crossing

the Rhine, in which they disclaimed all accession of territory, and stating their wishes and intentions to restore the countries conquered by France, to their original forms of government. So far excellent. Nothing could be better, or more justly conceived. All Europe was filled with admiration, and did homage to the magnanimity of the combined sovereigns. But behold the catastrophe—a short time after Norway was, against her will, annexed to Sweden, as a punishment to Denmark for her attachment and devotion to the fortunes and cause of the Corsican, by way of rewarding the Crown Prince Bernadotte, who, as well as Prince Talleyrand, are living examples of the folly of believing it an impossibility to wash the blackamoor white.—Next it was found necessary by way of example to punish the KING of SAXONY, and the greater part of his territory, after a violent struggle for the whole, was incorporated with the dominions of Prussia, one of the high declaring powers.

These punishments having been inflicted, it became proper to portion out the rewards, and GENOA, as a remuneration for her active services against Buonaparte (after having been buoyed up by Lord William Bentinck, who, to use the diplomatic phrase, was not sufficiently authorised, with the splendid promises of restoration to its ancient republican form of government) was, with as little ceremony as a lot of goods at an auction, transferred by the Congress to the king of Sardinia, whose own kingdom of LOMBARDY was reserved, as it should now seem, for the good Emperor Francis of Austria, another of the high declaring powers.

POLAND—the long-suffering, plundered, insulted, and degraded Poland, has also now had her requital. It will be seen by reference to the letter of the *magnanimous* Emperor Alexander, another of the high declaring powers, addressed to the President of the Polish senate, under date 30th ultimo, that this fertile, but miserable country, after all that has been said and promised, has, at last, completely fallen under the Russian yoke: to use the fashionable and diplomatic cant, its fate has been decided by the Congress, and the mighty Czar, who so conscientiously appropriated *Finland* to himself, is to be her king. Here surely we may be allowed to apostrophize and exclaim, Oh wretched Poles, your cup of bitterness is full even to the brim, your miseries cannot lay you lower;

thus ends, in Cimmerian darkness, all the vainly indulged hopes, all the happy expectancies, all the bright and cheering prospects, so illusively held forth to this brave but deluded people; and after this, we are called upon to undergo every privation, to encounter every difficulty, to risque our final ruin, to enable these monarchs to chastise Buonaparte, upon the plea that nothing will satisfy his inordinate ambition. This is something like the horse-leech challenging the spider with rapacity. A wiser king than any that now lives has given us to understand how easily the first is to be contented, and how prone to say, "It is enough." To the iniquity of the example set by the then contracting powers in the first spoliation and dismemberment of this courageous, but unfortunate nation, may not improperly be ascribed, the present miseries of Europe, and which seems as if it were destined to visit with ten-fold vengeance, her children, even of the third and fourth generation, for now we have, in addition to our other burthens, the mortification of being obliged to pay the interest of the loan negotiated in Holland by the Empress Catherine for the unsanctified and execrable purpose of giving her efficiency to subjugate this unhappy and devoted country—that an Englishman should have to pay the price of the blood spilt in wresting from an independent state its freedom is enough to make his own curdle in his veins, to make him loath the possession of riches, that could be thus dishonourably and cruelly applied!

SPAIN too, who exerted her whole energies to destroy the dynasty of the Buonapartes, who first gave the signal for resistance, who struck a vital blow at his then overwhelming power, whose patriots, laying aside their accustomed national haughtiness and jealousy, united themselves to England, and nobly made common cause against a common enemy under a British commander of the most consummate and brilliant talents, has been recompensed with that merciful engine of oppression, the Inquisition, with the banishment and incarceration of the most virtuous and independent members of her Cortes, and the unqualified restoration of, himself an usurper, the bigoted, remorseless, and insatuated Ferdinand, whose faculties have so extensive a range that they embrace even the capabilities of a woman, and are fully adequate to the princely occupation of embroidering petticoats and chemises, to decorate the idols of an ignorant, intole-



rant, and besotted priesthood. Now, whether it be to punish or reward the VENETIANS and PIEDMONTSE, that they are so flippantly handed over to Austria, we cannot tell, but it seems to be a matter of very little consequence; for those states who were punished, only lost their independence, and those who were rewarded shared the same fate—these things would almost disturb the gravity of that profound tub of wisdom, Sir William Curtis himself, when in the act of castigating the Americans, or in presenting a city address, of which not a word has his concurrence.

In the treaty concluded with the allies we find by the separate article which we have copied, it is expressly stipulated that Great Britain shall, in case of not being able, or not finding it convenient to keep the full complement of one hundred and fifty thousand men constantly in the field, pay after a certain rate therein mentioned for the deficiency as will be seen by the article itself.

“As circumstances might prevent his majesty the king of the united kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, from keeping constantly in the field the number of troops specified in the second article, it is agreed that his Britannic majesty shall have the option either of furnishing his contingent, in men, or of paying at the rate of thirty pounds sterling per annum for each cavalry soldier, and twenty pounds per annum for each infantry soldier, that may be wanting to complete the number stipulated in the second article.”

Which number, on reference to the article, we find to be one hundred and fifty thousand, of which one-tenth shall be cavalry; now although, as we observed, it is rendered imperative that England must pay for any deficiency she may have in the number of her troops, who is to find them? For we do not perceive it is any where contracted for, on the part of the allies, that on receiving the money they shall supply the men that may be wanting, whether infantry or cavalry, in addition to their own stipulated numbers. This, it is true, may be understood as an omission, but it is rather singular, unless indeed amongst the modern improvements in the art of war, the secret has been found to make thirty pounds in the ranks act as formidably against the enemy as the horse and his rider, and a number of twenty pounds, either in specie or bank notes, supply in the field the courage and activity of a grenadier company. They would certainly be very convenient prisoners, and not need an expulsive

commissioners to look after their sustenance, neither could much difficulty occur in effecting their exchange.

In addition to this payment for non-effective troops, a subsidiary treaty, bearing date the 30th of April, has been concluded, by which we engage to pay Austria, Russia, and Prussia, the very insignificant sum of FIVE MILLIONS by monthly instalments, the first payment of which took place the commencement of the present month, and this subsidy is given for the service of the year ending the 1st day of April, 1816, consequently is for no more than eleven months; and it is evident, that if the war should be protracted, that a similar sum, at least, must be periodically found for the allies, and also the further sum of eleven hundred thousand pounds, to enable them to march their troops back again into their own frontiers, unless, which is extremely improbable, the belligerents should adjust their differences within the period of the year. Now supposing our effective army, or to speak more according to the modern phraseology, our military mass, to be what it really is, about one third of the contingent we are engaged either to pay for or furnish, the account will stand thus—the whole expence, at the rate agreed on, would be three millions one hundred and fifty thousand pounds, two-thirds of which, according to the venerable Cocker, is two millions one hundred thousand pounds; this, added to the subsidy to Austria, Russia, and Prussia, of five millions, and the eleven hundred thousand pounds to carry their troops home, together with a million, which is to be paid to the sovereign prince of the Netherlands, will make NINE MILLIONS TWO HUNDRED THOUSAND POUNDS!!! Thus are we obliged not only to fight the battles of the allies, but actually to pay them for supporting their own cause, and this at a time too when poverty with gigantic strides is marching over our country, when our labouring mechanics are almost starving, trade declining, and taxation has become so burthensome as to oblige hundreds who have kept houses, to the degradation of applying for parochial relief.

It surely cannot, it will not, by the reflecting part of the community be denied, without at all implicating thereby any approval of Buonaparte, or his cause, that nothing short of the most clear and demonstrated necessity ought to impel us into the miseries and expences of war; which, although it has become the fashion to determine the gravest questions on the most slender probabilities, must, from its nature, be uncertain in its event,

notwithstanding the confidence entertained by ministers, and the bulky strength displayed by the allies upon paper. It is not enough to say, that there is no faith in this man, he is not to be trusted, he respects no treaties, unless it shall have been first proved, either that in all this he acts contrary to the policy that has ever been found justifiable by other cabinets, or that he wields the French sceptre in direct opposition to the wishes of the Gallic nation, and that they have called upon us to release them from his grasp. For example, after we had concluded the treaty of Amiens, did we not think it prudent to violate the conditions of that peace, by refusing, in conformity with its stipulations, to surrender *Malta*? yet it has not therefore precluded other powers from confiding in us. They saw in it nothing more than a matter of state policy, governed by *existing circumstances*. Did not Prussia receive from France Hanover, a part of the hereditary dominions of our venerable sovereign, yet does this prevent our entering into close alliance with her, and even paying her a subsidy? This again was considered as justified by expediency, and then existing circumstances. But in this instance, France has not infringed any treaty whatever. It is indeed true that she has received into her bosom, and placed at the head of her affairs, a man who had engaged, on certain conditions, which it must at the same time be recollected were not fulfilled, to relinquish the situation he now holds, and we will say more, a man that it had perhaps been better both for France and the world she had never seen; but then her right to do all this is indubitable, and evidently one, that were the case our own, we would not on any account whatever suffer to be questioned. But the secret, if ever it could have been one, is out—the restoration of the dynasty of the Bourbons is to be attempted—My Lord Liverpool has, in the most unequivocal language, declared that the expulsion of Buonaparte, and the re-establishment of the legitimate sovereign to the French throne, is the best means of securing the tranquillity of Europe; and Louis the Eighteenth has been formally invited to accede to the treaty of confederation; but viewing the measures of Congress, as far as we are enabled to judge of them by their published acts, and which bear with no small weight on the question, we must confess we do not see the chance of that cordial and simultaneous co-operation so necessary



to insure success—on the contrary, the ranklings of neglected and insulted interests seem pregnant with disunion, and to forebode that, to which the present system, with all its concomitant evils, even could they be ten times multiplied, would be but as a feather against the more ponderous mischiefs to result from A FAILURE IN THE PROJECTED HOSTILITIES; for, we are acknowledged to be in a state of war, although it is uncertain when hostilities may commence—would that the latter might never have existence! In the face of the assertions, so confidently made by the *modest* Lord Castlereagh, of the union and determined opposition to Buonaparte, that subsists in every branch of the allied forces, it appears that Field-Marshal Prince Blucher has been under the necessity of inflicting military execution on some of the Saxon troops, who mutinied and attacked him in his hotel, and that proclamations have been issued to prevent the inhabitants of Dresden from publicly expressing their joy at Buonaparte's return. In the eyes of such statesmen as the noble lord and his associates, this may not be of much account; but with most other thinking beings it will not seem to augur any great advantage to the cause of the allies; nor at all calculated to inspire confidence in the exertions of such heterogeneous and discordant masses. It must, at any rate, be allowed to be an unfavorable commencement of a contest that involves in its issue such direful consequences. We perfectly agree with Blucher in the conclusion of his proclamation to the Prussian soldiers, wherein he says, "the crimes already committed shew how much may be accomplished by a few traitorous and disaffected individuals," although we may not exactly be in accord with him in their nomenclature.

---

## THEATRICAL REVIEW.

### COVENT GARDEN.

A NEW farce, called the *Fortune of War*, has been produced at this theatre. It is from the pen of Mr. Kenny, and redounds but little to his credit. A modern farce is a thing not to be tried by any of the established rules of dramatic criticism; but though a thousand anomalies and inconsistencies are admitted

it to this species of composition, those very anomalies and inconsistencies ought at least to have some congruity among themselves. Utter and incomprehensible contradictions may strike the vulgar from their novelty, but can only offend the judicious. Mr. Kenny has jumbled together numberless absurdities, which hang together by no perceptible coherency, and which are not atoned for by any wit in the dialogue or ingenuity in the plot. Every thing that is rational seems to have been sacrificed to the single desire of writing for the peculiar talents of two performers, Mathews and Liston, who certainly do repay the effort of the author in a manner eminently creditable to themselves. Mathews represents a fat cattle feeder, and is called Billy Grantrum; Liston, a sharper, under the name of Baron Vanderscamp. The acting of the former is admirable. Nothing can be finer than his personation of a fat-witted, dull, and self-satisfied, but opulent grazier, who never lifted his thoughts above the earth from which he draws his importance. Several of the situations in which he is placed are truly comic: but they are rendered so merely by the force of his own genius; he convulses the house with laughter, not from what he says, but from the manner in which he says it; and often, he delighted us most, when he said nothing. It would be injustice, therefore, not to discriminate between what belongs to the author, and what to the actor. If any one wishes to ascertain this point distinctly, let him take any scene which pleased him best in representation, and read it in his closet: if the perusal raises a smile, except from the involuntary association of ideas which may recal the performance, it would greatly excite our wonder. The same remark will apply to Liston's acting, though in a limited degree, because he has, in fact, less to do: but in what he does, the actor, and not the writer, delights. The excellence of the performers, however, cannot wholly compensate for the deficiency of wit, humour, and sprightly diction. The character of Mrs. Puffendorf (Mrs. Davenport,) is a feeble imitation of Mrs. Heildenburgh, but with none of that felicity which marks the blunders of the latter. Upon the whole, we consider this as one of the worst written, and best acted farces, that we have ever seen performed.

Comus has been revived at this theatre with great splendor and taste, but we fear will not repay the expence incurred. As a poem, the language does not possess any thing more richly fraught with all the beauties of imagination and language; but as a dramatic piece it is hardly possible to conceive any thing less calculated to fix the attention or interest the feelings of the spectator. All the vocal strength of the house is employed upon it, yet with every attraction which Miss Stephens, Miss Mathews, Mrs. Liston, Sinclair, Incedon, and Taylor, may be supposed to possess, the representation languishes, and the curtain drops upon an audience willing to see it drop. The mass of those who attend a theatre for amusement cannot compre-

hend or relish the lofty strains of a Milton's muse; and the few who can find delight in them certainly must wish to gratify their minds in their own closet, rather than by the incorrect delivery of Mr. Abbot, or the mouthing declamation of Mr. Conway. Every praise is due to the manager for the splendid decorations with which he has brought it forward: and if it fails in rewarding him, it will be, not from any deficiency in his exertions, but from the inherent disqualifications of the piece itself as a dramatic composition for the stage.

On Saturday the 27th, her Royal Highness the Princess Charlotte of Wales honoured this theatre with her presence to witness the performance of Miss O'Neill in *Belvidera*. *God Save the King* was played; and accompanied by the performers, at her entrance, and at the conclusion of the tragedy. Her Royal Highness paid a genuine tribute of impassioned tears to the pathetic powers of Miss O'Neill; and in the after-piece (the *Fortune of War*) she equally testified her delight at the comic efforts of Mathews and Liston. We have no room for critical observations upon the performance.

---

#### DRURY-LANE.

At this theatre, the recurrence of benefits, and the repetition of Messrs. Bartley and Kean's performances, have precluded the labours of the critic, and disappointed the lovers of dramatic novelty. The appearance of Mr. Kean, however, in the character of Zanga has more than compensated for the uniformity of the other representations. That he approaches to the excellence of Kemble, or rises superior to the efforts of Young, in the personification of the revengeful Moor, cannot be asserted. The majesty of step, and impressive dignity of attitude and action which distinguish these celebrated actors, are uncongenial to the habits and person of Mr. Kean. But the deep and penetrating intonation of his voice, the powerful expression of his countenance, the flexibility of his movements, and the pathos of his more prominent passages, deserve, and have commanded the admiration of the public.

THE END OF VOL. IX.





**TITLE** SCOURGE

**AUTHOR** \_\_\_\_\_

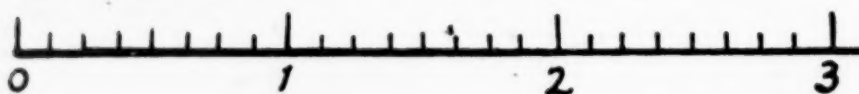
**LIBRARY** UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

**DATE MICROFILMED** FEB

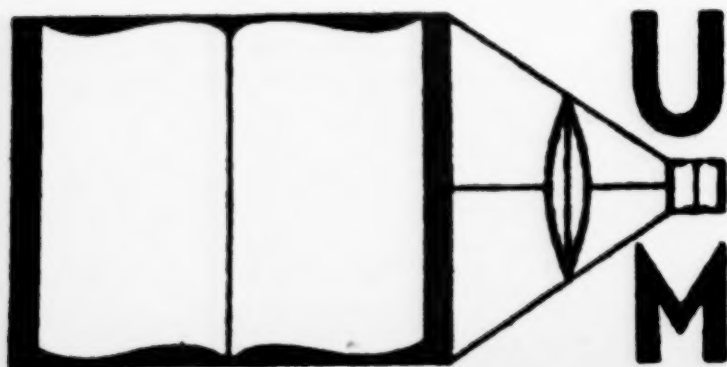
**ORDER No.** E.P. 217 E

**MICROFILMED FOR** \_\_\_\_\_

**PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE OR EDIT  
IN ADVANCE FROM** \_\_\_\_\_



SCALE IN



**UNIV**

**ANN A**

**DATE** 1811-1816

**LIBRARY** - CAMBRIDGE T-900.C 17-1

**BRUARY** 1954

**S.T.C. No.**

**DIT THIS FILM MUST BE SECURED**

3 4 5  
**INCHES**

**UNIVERSITY MICROFILMS**

**ANN ARBOR**

**MICHIGAN**

END OF SERIES  
IN CAMBRIDGE